A ROUSING NEW SERIAL STARTS TO-DAY.

SHORT STORIES

EDITED BY G. ARTHUR PEARSON (OF PEARSON'S WEEKLY)

NO. 450. FOR WEEK ENDING MARCH 12TH, 1898. [ONE PENNY.

PHYSICIANS AND SCIENTISTS
REPORT THAT

FROMMS EXTRACT

IS

A PERFECT FOOD

FOR

INFANTS AND INVALIDS

AS WELL AS FOR THE

STRONG AND HEALTHY.

HALF THE PRICE OF MEAT EXTRACTS.

SOLD BY CHEMISTS AND GROCERS

10/6 THE ALLEN FOSTER *HALF-GUINEA* COSTUMES 10/6

Acknowledged by Thousands of Delighted Purchasers to be the very Best Half-Guinea Costumes ever offered to the public.

Design No. 545. Design No. 100.

They stand unrivalled for excellence of style, make and appearance. They are made in the Allen Foster **SPECIALITE SERGE.** Renowned for its durability and wear. All colours perfectly fast, and do not spot with rain.

COLOURS: Black, Brown, Navy, Myrtle, Ruby, Electric-Blue, Bronze-Green, Fawn, Drab, Cinnamon, Grey, etc.

Design No. 545 is the Fashionable Walking Costume for the **Spring Season** It consists of a stylish Reefer Jacket with Skirt. It has a velvet-welted collar, tailor stitching, and fashionably made skirt. A Costume any lady can wear. Price **10/6.** Skirt only, **5/6.** This Costume in our New Venetian Cloth will be **13/6.**

Design No. 100 has a bodice shaped to the figure, the lapels are prettily trimmed with braid and large buttons—a marvellous Half-Guinea's worth. This Costume in our New Venetian Cloth will be **13/6.**

PRICE COMPLETE, 10/6. SKIRT ONLY, 5/6.

Each Costume securely packed and sent carriage paid, 9d. extra. Skirt only, 6d. extra **Regular Stock Sizes** are 34, 36, and 38in. round bust under arms. Skirts being 38, 40, and 42in. long. Larger or special sizes to measure, 1/6 extra.

ALLEN FOSTER & CO.'S NEW SKETCH BOOK OF FASHIONS FOR THE SPRING SEASON IS NOW IN CIRCULATION.

This publication contains illustrations of their Mantles and Capes, as well as of their famous Costumes. Ladies are requested to write for same at once. Post free on application.

SKETCHES & PATTERNS POST FREE.

When writing please mention "Short Stories."

BANKERS: LONDON & COUNTY, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

ALLEN FOSTER & CO., The London Manufacturers.

17, ROSCOE ST., GOLDEN LANE, LONDON, E.C.

"Its food value is double that of Bread made from ordinary wheaten flour."—Lancet.

HOVIS BREAD

will not only help to improve your digestion and consequently your health, but will also bring back that energetic and happy feeling of good health. Man does not live a natural life, so a good portion of a natural food, in the shape of HOVIS, at each meal will largely counteract the bad influence that modern life has upon the health and digestive organs. This is not an idle remark, but a proved statement, daily being verified.

HOVIS is baked and sold by all good class Bakers. No loaf genuine unless stamped HOVIS. 6d. and 1/- samples of Bread and Biscuits sent on receipt of stamps by

S. FITTON & SON, Millers, Macclesfield.

THE John Noble

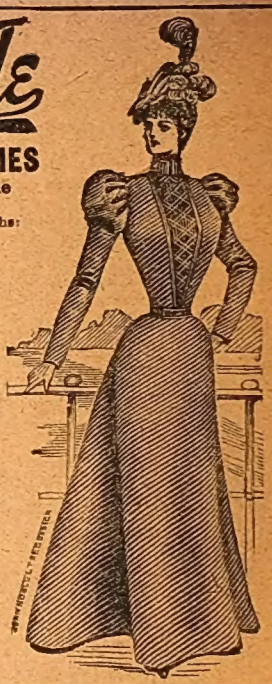
HALF-GUINEA COSTUMES

Highest Value for Money the World has ever known.

Are supplied in the following two good cloths:

I. John Noble Costume Coating, and in II. John Noble Cheviot Serge.

PATTERNS and New Illustrated Ladies' and Children's Fashion Volume sent post Free to all who name *Short Stories*.



Model 894.

THE NEW "GORDON" DESIGN.

Well-made Bodice, trimmed fancy stitching à l'Ecosse. Full-wide Tailor skirt. Price **10/6** complete, 10/6. Safely packed and carriage paid 6d. extra. Skirt alone, 5/6. Carriage, 5d.

JOHN NOBLE KNOCKABOUT FROCKS.

Thoroughly well made, with saddle top, long full sleeves and pocket. Lengths and Prices.

21 24 27 30 in.
1/6 2/- 2/6 3/-
33 36 39 42 in.
3/6 4/- 4/6 5/-
Postage 4d. extra.

'Brewer' Caps (all shades), as sketched, 1/-

COLOURS of all Costumes: Black, Navy, Electric, Brown, Ruby, Myrtle, Fawn, Grey, Sage Green and Purple. SIZES IN STOCK are 34, 36, and 38 in. round bust (under arms). Skirts being 38, 40, and 42 in. long in front. Larger or special sizes made to measure, 1/6 extra. Mourning Orders executed and despatched within twelve hours. *Please mention* SHORT STORIES *when ordering. Bankers: London & Midland Bank Ltd.*

JOHN NOBLE LTD., BROOK STREET MILLS, MANCHESTER.

NOSE MACHINE.

This is a contrivance by which the short cartilage of the nose is pressed into shape by wearing the instrument an hour daily for a short time. Price 10/6, sent free for stamps. ALEX ROSS, 62, Theobald's Road, London, opposite Bedford Row. Est. 1850. Parcel free from observation.

£20

Hairdressers fitted up. Estimates free.

Tobacconists Commencing. See Illd. Guide (250 pages) 3d. How to open a cigar store, £20 to £2,000 Tobacconists Outfitting Co., 186, Euston Road, London. The largest and original house (30 years reputation. Mgr., H. Myers

A. A sum of from 10/- to 20/- per week offered for spare time to either sex everywhere. Work can be done evenings. Send addressed envelope to Box 60, Eclipse Works, 89, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.

SILVER QUEEN CYCLES!

Best Value on Earth.

Immense stock of Ladies' and Gents' machines. New and Secondhand. Wonderful bargains. Carriage paid. Easy payments from 10s. monthly, or large cash discount. 1 year's guarantee Illus. price lists post free on application. Old cycles exchanged The SILVER QUEEN CYCLE Co Ltd., 221 Tottenham Court Road, London.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

ALL FAT PEOPLE

Readily **Reduce Weight** and **Cure Corpulency Permanently** by taking **TRILENE-TABLETS** (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are very agreeable, harmless, and never fail to PRESERVE both HEALTH and FIGURE without change of diet. **Reduction begins immediately.**

An English Countess writes: "*Your Trilene Tablets act admirably*"

SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

MR. CLAUDE CARTER, of Thorn House, Johnstone, N.B., says: "Your Tablets much reduced my weight and I have been waiting to see if it was permanent, and so it has proved."

MR. CANHAM, 87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, says: "Tablets cured my wife two years ago of extreme stoutness. It has never returned."

MARION TAYLOR, of Church Farm, St. James, Halesworth, says: "Have lost quite two stone."

A. PEEL, of Darley Hydro, Matlock, writes: "They have reduced and benefited me a good deal."

MR. BUTLER, Surgeon, Hampton Manor, Evesham, says: "My patient lost more than one stone."

MR. G. LOVE, 4, Kirk Street, Peterhead. "I think them wonderful not only to reduce fat but as a medicine."

Send 2/6 to **THE TRILENE ASSOCIATION, 66, Finsbury Pavement, London, E.C.**

SULPHOLINE LOTION,

For clearing the skin from Spots, Blemishes, Redness, Roughness, giving a Beautiful Complexion and pleasing appearance.

SHILLING BOTTLES.

ATLAS LOCKSTITCH MACHINE.

Works by hand or treadle. Guaranteed 4 years. Equal in quality and size to any machine. To ensure satisfaction, we will send machine on receipt of 5/- P.O. for ONE MONTH'S TRIAL. Balance can be paid 5/- Monthly. Call or write for designs and Samples of work. **39/-**

THE ATLAS SEWING MACHINE CO. 188B, High St., Camden Town, London, N.W. 63 Seven Sisters Road, N.; 14 High Rd., Kilburn.

"JUNO" CYCLES ARE THE VERY BEST.

DIAMONDS from £10. 16/8 monthly. JUNO Lady's or Gents' Safety £12 12/- 21/- monthly. £14 14/-, 24/6 „ £16 16/-, 28/- „ Write for New Season's List of JUNO Cycles and Accessories, sent post free to any part.

METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS' CO. LTD., 75 and 76 Bishopsgate Without, London, E.C.; and at Piccadilly Circus, exactly opposite the Criterion, London, W. *N.B.—Every JUNO Guaranteed.* New JUNO Riding School, 1,700ft., now open.

DR. MACKENZIE'S ARSENICAL SOAP.

Prepared with Arsenic, Zinc, and other ingredients.

Deliciously and expensively perfumed, the most luxurious Soap in the World. Produces a most lovely complexion, eradicates spots, pimples, and all imperfections, makes the skin exquisitely clear, and produces the healthy bloom so much desired. It is absolutely harmless, and each tablet is accompanied by a medical certificate.

6D. & 1S. PER TABLET.

This Soap prevents the growth of superfluous hairs, removes wrinkles, feeds the skin. You can get it at all the Stores and first-class Chemists. *The Family Doctor* says it is the most economical beautifier known to Modern Dermatology. It clears away all pimples, spots, redness, or roughness, makes the skin smooth and clear as a baby's, and cures shiny and greasy skins. Use it in the bath and for all Toilet purposes; it is most delicious. For irritable or sensitive skins it is matchless and delightfully soothing.

MADAME PATTI sends her best thanks for Dr. Mackenzie's Arsenical Toilet Soap, which she finds most excellent—Craig-y-nos Castle, South Wales.

USE ALSO DR MACKENZIE'S FACE LOTION.

Beware of many Imitations. Have Dr. MACKENZIE'S or none.

Advertisements should be sent to "Short Stories" Advertisement Department, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

SHORT STORIES

EDITED BY C. ARTHUR PEARSON.

No. 480.] For the Week ending March 12th, 1898. [ONE PENNY.

New Serial Story.

A TALE OF OLD FRANCE.

By MARY FERMOR.

CHAPTER I.

A STRANGE ENCOUNTER.

TOWARDS the close of the first day of March, in the year 1202, two weary, way-worn travellers were descending the steep, rough road which led past the Hospital of St. Lazare, on the outskirts of Paris. They were still more than a mile from the city walls, and the younger, a fair, fragile youth of about fifteen, was apparently in the last stage of exhaustion, and no wonder, for they had been walking since sunrise. To judge by his dress, he might have been an apprentice, but the gentle voice and slender frame seemed to belie his male attire. It was too dark to distinguish the features of a face encircled as it was by clusters of soft, fair curls.

A striking contrast to him was the companion walking by his side, a tall, straight-limbed youth, whose whole bearing, though not wanting in a certain easy grace, spoke of strength and great staying power. On his shoulder he carried a heavy bundle slung at the end of a stick. He was unarmed, but at his side there hung over his leather jerkin a polished copper trowel.

There were lights in the narrow windows of the hospital, and the boy, thinking they had reached their destination, sank down on a milestone near the great door with a sigh of relief.

"Are you so weary, Eve?"

"I would not tell you before how my feet hurt me, or you would have wanted to carry me, and you have enough already. The stones have cut right through my shoes, and I don't think I could have walked another yard."

"Then I *must* carry you, dear, for we haven't reached the city yet, I'm afraid."

With that he bent over her, and would have taken her in his arms, but she made another resolute effort and started off again along the road with a little run. He tried to overtake her, but his own limbs were aching and his feet swollen, and after a few steps he stumbled over some loose stones.

For many a long day they had been tramping over the badly-made roads, and Eric had often carried his sister when her bleeding feet had made it impossible for her to walk; but to-night he was beyond that, so they struggled on together afoot, and hand-in-hand. Their way soon led them through a straggling wood, and then across a marshy tract, which had been cleared for the construction of a new road.

They were coming near to the walls, and could see the city lights gleaming before them, as with tottering steps and anxious hearts they painfully pressed on to find, as they hoped, food and shelter.

"Keep a good heart, Eve; God will help us. Think how we have got over our long and toilsome journey," said Eric encouragingly.

"If only we may save Princess Angel, I shall not mind what we suffer," was Eve's answer.

At that moment the sound of approaching horses' hoofs became audible, and in a few seconds they could discern the dim forms of two horsemen coming towards them in the half-lit darkness. One wore the armour of a knight, and the other had a Saracen's turban on his closely-shaven head. The knight was speaking:

"So, comrade, you are coming to Paris to kill a man?"

"Yes, my lord; to kill a man."

"And may I know the name of this man?"

"You may not know it, my lord."

"Not if I use persuasion?"

"It would be useless."

"Would blows avail?"

"They would be dangerous."

"Well, perhaps you are right. Besides, if I killed you I shouldn't learn your secret."

"And supposing *I* killed *you*, my lord," replied the

All rights reserved.]

Digitized by Google

"So, comrade, you are coming to Paris to kill a man?"

Saracen, "you would not be any nearer to your desire either."

"Quite so," said the knight grimly. Then, after a pause, he went on:

"This is a strange meeting of ours, for I am going to Paris to kill a woman."

These words struck terror to the hearts of the two unseen listeners, who were creeping along within earshot under cover of the deep shadows.

The Saracen appeared to take it quite as a matter of course, and merely answered with a yawn:

"Oh, you're going to kill a woman, my lord," adding, as an afterthought: "Is it your wife?"

"No," said the knight shortly, and after a few moments' thought he asked:

"Will your man be easy to kill?"

"He is the most difficult man to kill in the kingdom, my lord."

"Then it must be the King."

"I have told you I shall not reveal his name. And your victim?"

"She is the most difficult woman to kill in the kingdom."

"Then it must be the Queen."

The knight gave a loud laugh, and Eric had to put his hand over his sister's mouth to check the cry which had risen to her lips.

The moon now shone out clearly above the towers of St. Martin, and the knight noticed that his companion wore a trowel at his side, and carried a heavy stonemason's hammer over his shoulder.

"Are you going to kill your man with that?" he asked.

"No, my lord. I earn my living with that. I am a mason."

"And your name?"

"Mahmoud-el-Reis."

"Well, Mahmoud-el-Reis, as your man and my woman are the two most closely guarded people in the kingdom, how would it be if we were to work together?"

"I am quite willing."

"Then, suppose you help me to kill my woman and I help you to kill your man?"

"Agreed."

"Where shall I find you when I want you?"

"At Nôtre-Dame, where I shall be carving arabesques."

"That is well. You shall hear from me. *Au revoir!*"

He was just putting spurs to his horse when the Saracen unceremoniously took hold of his bridle and said:

"You have forgotten to tell me your name, my lord."

The knight hesitated for a moment, then he replied:

"I am Amaury Montruel, Lord of Anet and Friend of the King."

"The Friend of the King!" repeated the Moslem thoughtfully; "and where shall I find you?"

"At the Louvre."

Mahmoud released the bridle and bowed gravely. Montruel set off at a sharp gallop in one direction, and the Saracen, after whispering to his beautiful horse, which responded instantly to its master's touch and voice, was rapidly lost to sight and sound in the intricate paths leading to the city.

As soon as they were alone again on the road, Eric and Eve emerged from the friendly shadow and discussed in a low tone the mysterious conversation they had overheard.

"I am sure they meant Princess Angel," said Eve.

"Yes, I know they did. Mind you remember their two names. The cold-blooded wretches, I wish I could have killed them!" answered her brother.

They reached the walls but found one gate after another shut in their faces, and were driven away by the oaths and threats of the archers on the walls. At last, one more kindly than the rest advised them to try the Porte St. Honoré, which was left open later for the King. As they turned away to follow this advice, Eve's powers of endurance came to an end and the poor girl sank fainting at her brother's side.

He raised her in his arms and struggled on, for he knew that every moment's delay lessened their chance of getting into the city that night, and after a quarter of an hour's painful walking, staggering as he did under his double burden, he came to a road bordered on either side by young elms, where, to his infinite relief, he saw two men riding towards him.

They proved to be a knight and his page, and as they were passing he called out, emboldened by despair:

"If you are Christians, have pity on us."

The men stopped, and, after a few words of kindly inquiry the knight bade his page give up his horse to the wayfarers. Eric refused to ride, but walked beside Eve, who had been lifted to the saddle as soon as she had regained consciousness. Her delicate appearance seemed to attract the attention of both knight and page, and the questions of the former proved, more than once, a trifle embarrassing to Eric, who had no intention of stating his business to an entire stranger. He told his benefactor that he and his young brother had been travelling for some months from Cologne, working at their trade on the way for their own support, and that as he had been admitted to the Freemasons at Aix-la-Chapelle he hoped to obtain work in Paris.

The knight smiled doubtfully as he listened to the part of the story affecting Eve, and glanced searchingly at her

Digitized by Google

little hands, which certainly looked unfit to wield a workman's hammer. He asked their names, and looked somewhat displeased when Eric alluded to the Danish Princess whom the King had repudiated after marriage in order to take another wife whom he found more to his taste.

The young man's honest simplicity seemed, however, to win his favour, and before they reached the gate he told Eric to go to the Bishop of Paris the next day, and say that the knight Dieudonné requested that he might be included among the number of masons employed at Nôtre Dame. Eric could hardly find words to express his thanks, and, before he realised what was happening, they had passed through the Porte St. Honoré, between two rows of archers presenting arms, and were following the knight into the dark streets of Paris.

He stopped as soon as they were out of hearing of the guards, and bade the page help Eve to dismount. As he did so, the youth remarked to himself:

"I never came across a boy who weighed so little, or was so neatly built, as that one."

"Come here, little Adam," said the knight; and Eve,

Eric took his sister's hand, and went towards them.

who had given that as her name, came forward somewhat timidly.

"There is a purse containing twelve golden crowns for you to remember me by. Good-bye, and good luck to you." With that he bent down and kissed Eve's forehead before she had time to stammer out her thanks.

In another moment they were alone, and the solitude of the city was more appalling to them than would have been that of one of their native forests.

These two were the children of Atho, personal thrall of Canute, King of Denmark, who had been moved by the news of Princess Ingeburge's unmerited sufferings at the hand of the French King, her husband, to make the long and difficult journey to Paris in the hope that they might succour, or, at least, comfort her in her trouble. Now they had attained their goal, and, for that night at least, the prospect was not inviting.

The Rue St. Honoré, in which they found themselves, was one of the finest in old Paris, but the dingiest thoroughfare of to-day would compare favourably with it. The tall, gloomy houses had no windows facing the street, save one or two narrow, barred slits in the upper part of their projecting gables, for in those days each dwelling was so constructed that it might serve as a fortress in case of need. In the poorer parts of the city trade was carried on in booths, which were closed at sunset, and only the dark doors of the dimly-lighted taverns, whence sounds of ribald laughter issued in wild outbursts, stood open to entice the reveller and the wanton.

A respectable citizen would as soon have thought of throwing himself over the ramparts, as of venturing out into the unlighted streets. And when a noble walked abroad, he was preceded by a servant bearing a torch, and carried a drawn sword in his hand, for thieves and cutthroats lay in the dark corners watching for the drunken and the unwary.

The narrow, winding street was full of ghostly shadows, as the rays of moonlight, chequered by the driving clouds, penetrated here and there between the many gables, and every now and then the silence was broken by the sound of distant orgies.

To the two young strangers it was all so cold, so vast, so unkindly.

They were still in doubt which way to take when the sweet, solemn notes of a familiar German choral, sung by men's voices, fell upon their ears. Eric recognised the melody as one he had often heard among the Freemasons; and, as the sounds came nearer, torches flamed out of the gloom, and they saw a large body of men advancing hand-in-hand, bearing blunt lances wreathed in flowers. Eric took his sister's hand, and went towards them, singing the answering refrain.

The band halted before a gaily-decorated portico, and the leader, striking his lance upon the ground, called out:

"Who art thou, companion?"

"I bear the hammer and trowel."

"Dost thou know one of us?"

"I belong to you."

"What is thy title?"

"I am a free companion."

"Approach, and let thy hand speak to my hand."

Their hands met, and the mystic sign was given.

"Ah," said the chief, turning to his band, "his fingers speak the language of Cologne. Receive him into your ranks, and rejoice at the advent of a brother."

Eric was warmly welcomed by the members of the fraternity, and when they knew that Eve was his sister they extended their protection willingly to her also.

The heavy door of the house was opened in response to three peculiar knocks from the chief's lance, and the whole party entered the building. They proceeded to a large hall which occupied the entire ground floor of the house. The walls were decorated with scroll-work, interspersed with masonic emblems, and at one end of the room was a raised platform on which stood an iron tripod, surmounted by a mason's level.

The members had organised this meeting for the reception of a foreign adept, and when, some moments later, he came in, both brother and sister felt that they had seen him before.

He was a young man, though nearer thirty than twenty, with lithe, symetrically-formed limbs, and a face of remarkable intelligence, from which his brilliant dark eyes gleamed

Digitized by Google

under their strongly-marked, finely-arched brows. He walked lightly and firmly to the tripod and sat down near it. When asked his name, he replied:

"Jean Cador."

The moment that he spoke two of those present knew that he was giving an assumed name, for two hours before he had said to Amaury Montruel, under the walls of the Abbey St. Martin:

"My name is Mahmoud-el-Reis."

CHAPTER II.

The Friend of the King.

Six or seven hours after Amaury Montruel had left the Saracen outside the gates of Paris, the "Friend of the King" stopped before the unpretending door of a house situated in one of the darkest corners of the city. It was a curious old place, partially concealed by an ancient tower, and provided with doors opening on to three different streets.

Here Amaury Montruel elected to live whenever his presence was not required by his royal master, and rumour ascribed two cogent reasons for this strange choice of locality. Some said he lived a dissolute life, and found it advisable to carry on his revels at a convenient distance from the Louvre; others maintained that this externally gloomy dwelling was the headquarters of a kind of secret police employed by him in the service of Philip Augustus, whose boast was "The King knows *all!*" Both these reports contained a good deal of truth, as will be seen later on.

Montruel let himself in, crossed the spacious hall, and went into his own luxuriously furnished room, whose only occupant was a man dressed in the fashion of a law student. He lounged among the cushions of his master's couch, and, though he had not yet reached the age of thirty, his face was drawn and haggard, and lined with deep furrows.

"Maître Samson," said Montruel, "has anyone been here in my absence?"

Hearing himself addressed by name, the man struggled into a sitting posture, rubbed his eyes and stifled a yawn before replying. He then proceeded to give his master a more or less confused account of secret visits that had been paid that night, and received a smart rebuke from Montruel for the inaccuracy of his information, which defect, however, seemed to matter little so far as the latter was concerned, seeing that he could supply every name which had slipped his muddle-headed secretary's memory. The arrival of three strangers in the city that night was also duly recorded, two were masons in search of work named Eric and Little Adam, and the third was a Saracen, who was supposed to have come at the bidding of John of England to assassinate the King. Samson also informed his master that a new adept had been received by the Freemasons that night, but he could not remember his name.

"His name was Jean Cador, wasn't it?" said Montruel.

"Yes, yes, that's it," answered Samson, with a look of relief.

"Well, it is a good thing my other agents have clearer heads than you, or they would profit me little. And, look you, Samson, if I find you in this half-drunken, besotted state again, it will be the worse for you. Go and fetch 'La Fontanelle.'"

When he was left alone Montruel threw himself on to the couch, and for some moments was absorbed in what appeared to be anything but pleasant reflections. Then he rose and began to pace up and down the room impatiently.

He was a man of about eight-and-twenty, and would have been strikingly handsome had it not been for the bitter, discontented expression which his features wore in repose. His usually proud, self-possessed bearing had now forsaken him, and the restless, nervous twitching of his hands, and the burning, unsatisfied longing that gleamed from his eyes would have been a revelation to his most intimate friends.

"What am I working for? Why do I take all this trouble?" he muttered. "I don't know myself. My present path would gratify the highest ambition, but I neither fear the gallows nor desire the throne. I would have served

Stood looking rather defiantly at him.

the King loyally if this woman had not come between us. But I want *her*, and I *must* have her, come what may! Everything else is worthless in my eyes."

He stopped his restless walk and buried his head in his hands.

"Madman that I am! I know how base, how hopeless it is; but I can't help myself! Men have gone mad over women ever since the world began, and they will do so till the end of time."

A sound outside the door made him pause and pull himself together before his next interview.

"La Fontanelle" was the wife of a tavern-keeper whose house was much frequented by important personages, and Montruel had often found her a source of valuable information. She had various ways of eliciting news from her customers, and took care to provide them with all sorts of entertainments calculated to throw the most wary off their guard. The best music and dancing in the city was to be heard at their tavern, and all the performers were famed for their personal attractions as well as their talents.

From her Montruel learnt the astonishing news that the new Freemason adept and the Saracen, Mahmoud-el-Reis, were one and the same person, and, moreover, that she had not been able to gain any more information from him than this one significant fact, which had come to her knowledge through his being addressed by his two names by two separate persons who had spoken with him in the tavern. He had refused wine, and had turned a deaf ear to all the amusements provided, so that "La Fontanelle" had little cause to remember him with gratitude.

Digitized by Google

Montruel instructed her not to relax her efforts to fathom his secrets, and then dismissed her.

"Agnes the Fair is with me. Will you not see her, my lord?" said the woman as she turned to go.

At first Montruel refused, then yielded to her persuasions, and told her to send the girl to him.

Agnes the Fair was rightly named. She was tall and

He buried his face in his hands.

supple, with the easy carriage and unstudied grace of a Hungarian; dark, glossy hair and large, lustrous eyes that bewildered with their ever-varying expression.

She came towards him with a quick step and smiling face, and threw her arms round his neck. The first touch of her lips gave him almost a sensation of pain, and he tried to repulse her; but, unheeding his coldness, she persisted in her caresses until he succumbed and kissed her upturned forehead.

Then, being well-versed in the art of coquetry she withdrew from him and stood looking rather defiantly at him.

"Well, what is the matter?" he asked.

"I want you to make me rich this very day! You are rich and you love me, so I ought not to have to wait any longer."

He frowned and asked coldly:

"I thought you just said you loved me?"

"So I may, my lord, but I love myself better. Is not that the secret of all love?" she answered with a harsh, mocking laugh.

He did not reply, but sat looking sadly before him. Irritated by his silence she went on:

"My lord, dare you swear on your honour as a knight that you love me for myself?"

His eyes fell before her, and seeing that he winced under her gaze she continued bitterly:

"You dare not! and you are right not to perjure yourself for so poor a thing as me. Why did you change my name to Agnes? Why did you tell La Fontanelle to give me an ermine mantle and dress me in things fit for a queen? Was that all for my own sake? No! It was because the wife of Philip Augustus is like me, or I am like her, only I am younger and prettier than she is, yet your eyes follow her wherever she goes. I am only like a doll dressed up to remind you of *her!*"

The suddenness of this outburst, and the truth of her pitiless words completely disarmed Montruel for the time being. He saw that denial was useless, and his only aim was to end the interview as soon as possible.

"Girl, you shall have the money you want—not for the *love* but for the *hate* I bear you. You shall be rich this very day, but only so long as you hold your tongue. The first word that passes your lips——"

"My lord," interrupted the girl calmly; "I do not fear your threats. You shall not only pay me but fear me! I am stronger than you."

His eyes flashed dangerously, and his hand sought his dagger, but at the same instant his tormentor had reached the door at the farther end of the room.

"True," she said scornfully. "I had forgotten that some men can kill a woman. You were not quite quick enough this time. *Au revoir!*"

He heard her ringing laugh from the other side of the door, and as he turned uneasily on his couch, he saw the gaunt form of his secretary, Samson, standing at the other end of the room.

"The knave must have heard all!" thought Montruel to himself savagely. "His mouth must be stopped."

"What did you come back for?" he asked sharply.

"I thought you would like to know that it is said that the two masons who came to-night are Danes, and are supposed to be in league with Queen Ingeburge."

"She is not the Queen. There is no queen but Madame Agnes, the King's lawful wife. Begone! and keep your head clearer to-morrow. Here, take that, though it's more than you deserve."

With these ungracious words he threw a purse of gold towards Maitre Samson who picked it up with alacrity and pocketed it with a knowing chuckle. He knew why his master was so generous.

Montruel went to his sleeping apartment, and for the few remaining hours of the night, tossed about in the vain attempt to sleep, haunted by the consciousness that his secret was in the possession of two of his own creatures.

At eleven o'clock the next morning two visitors were announced. Herbert Melfast, Lord of Pevensey, and Mahmoud-el-Reis, the Saracen.

The former had been despatched to Syria in search of an assassin by John of England, who was particularly anxious to get rid of his powerful rival, and in part, liege-lord, Philip Augustus of France. After a long and protracted search, Melfast had returned to Europe with Mahmoud-el-Reis, a Fédavi, or brother of the Crystal Poniard, and had brought him to Amaury Montruel, in order to obtain access to the royal presence for the assassin.

This strange man with the dual name seemed to have a dual nature also. As Jean Cador, the Freemason, he was the enthusiastic artist who had learnt the secrets of Eastern art and dreamt dreams of delicate tracery, graceful curves and carved saints in purest marble, whose only weapons were the hammer and chisel. As Mahmoud-el-Reis, the fanatic, he planned murder and faced death with the impassive fatalism of an Oriental.

Herbert Melfast had come with the intention of getting a definite answer from Montruel, who had hitherto vacillated between his fear of detection should the plot against the

Digitized by Google

King's life fail, and his desire to get rid of the husband of the woman he loved.

"My dear cousin Amaury, the time for hesitation is past," Melfast said, after they had been talking for a few minutes. "Before we leave you this morning, we must know whether you are for or against us."

Montruel looked like a hunted creature at bay. He had not the courage to take any definite step fraught with danger to himself, and now, craven that he was, the words failed to come to his white lips.

The Syrian stood by, cool, calm, and impassive. Melfast showed evident signs of impatience, and said at last:

"By all the saints! I'm at my wits' end, with one man as silent as the grave, and another who's as frightened as any old dame and daren't say yes or no!"

"If it were a mere matter of a sword thrust——" began Montruel.

"And if I were in your place a sword thrust should have settled it ere this. There's the man you hate as much as we do—more—for you are mad with love and jealousy—and yet you let him live to possess the woman you adore before your very eyes! You are with him day and night, you sit at his table and sleep at his door, and have not the heart to kill him! Where is your lance when you ride behind him, or your dagger when he lies sleeping?"

"We French knights keep our weapons for other purposes than assassination!" said Montruel, with an attempt to assume his usual proud manner, for his blood boiled at the cutting words he was forced to hear.

Melfast smiled contemptuously.

"Then, I take it, you are against us?"

"Would that I were, my lord," said Montruel dejectedly, after a short pause, "for I have sworn fealty to Philip, my Sovereign; but I seem to have neither faith nor reason left. I love Agnes de Méranie to my soul's perdition. I cannot go against you—I am—yours."

His voice broke completely as he said the last three words, and, sinking down in his chair, he buried his face in his hands.

The Lord of Pevensey watched him with ill-disguised contempt, and asked him coldly to name his own terms. Montruel bargained first for Agnes de Méranie, then for the wealth and princely estates that would be indispensable to her material happiness. These conditions were readily complied with by Melfast, in the name of his Royal master; but there was still another item, which Montruel almost hesitated to name.

"For some time back," he began, "Madame Agnes has felt very strongly that her happiness and security cannot be established on a firm basis so long as Ingeburge of Denmark lives——"

Melfast smiled again.

"I see. Well, we cannot let so fair a lady suffer annoyance for so trifling a cause. I daresay you would have no objection to dispatching her rival with your poniard, friend Mahmoud?"

The Moslem crossed his arms upon his breast and answered:

"The will of Allah be done! She is a Christian and a queen. She is condemned."

"Now, that's the sort of man I like, and you might take a lesson from him, Montruel. Well, the bargain is concluded. You give us the King's life in exchange for two rich duchies and the person of the Queen. Not a bad thing for you, I take it. But we must know definitely how and when you will deliver his majesty into our hands."

"It will be necessary to watch our opportunity, for, as you know, he is closely guarded, and we must be cautious, and I must have my duchies first, for your Royal master has been known to break his promises."

"That is entirely in my hands, you need have no fear," replied Melfast curtly. Then turning to Mahmoud he asked:

"And how about your share in the transaction, friend?"

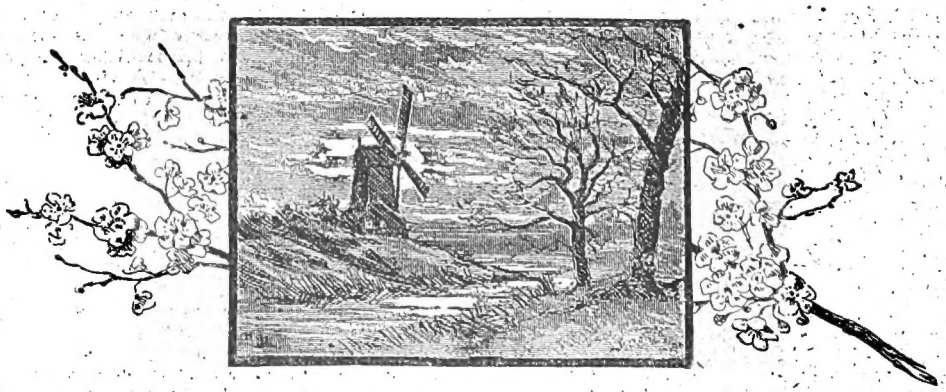
The Moslem drew himself up to his full height and began in his grave, musical voice:

"There is but one God, and Mohammed is His prophet. I am Mahmoud-el-Reis, son of Omir. My divinely appointed master, Mohammed, said to me: 'Follow that man and take your poniard.' I loved Dilah, who is lovelier than the houris in Paradise, and was loved by her. We were to have been united. I kissed away her bitter tears, for the Master said: 'Return with the infidel's blood upon your dagger, and Dilah shall be yours.' I went to Dilah as the evening shadows were falling, and said: 'I shall return, wilt thou wait for me?' and she answered: 'I will wait for thee.' When I left at sunrise the next morning, I heard her dear voice murmur behind the flowery hedge: 'Return quickly, my beloved!' and from that hour I have been as a body without a soul. My spirit dwells with Dilah under the palm trees. At night I seek the stars she may be looking at, but you have nothing in common with us, not even the same stars! If the blood of the Queen will procure for me the blood of the King, she shall die, for I must return to my bride. I have promised the white-haired priest to carve him a statue, and that I can do in a few days. If my task is accomplished and Queen Ingeburge is no more, will you admit me to the King's apartments this day week?"

The respite seemed to give Montruel fresh courage:

"If the Danish Princess has ceased to breathe, I will admit you to the royal chamber this day week," he replied, almost with a sense of relief.

(To be continued.)



Digitized by Google

The Schoolmaster.

It was two o'clock on Saturday afternoon in the latter part of August. Mr. Gray sat at his desk in the superintendent's office of the high school, looking over the row of pupils, noting the transfers in the different forms, and counting the number of scholars assigned to each, for the ensuing school year.

"New teachers to break in," he grumbled. "I had just got my ladies into good running order, and now it is all upset. Miss Smith married; Miss Warren ill; Miss Allen gone; only Miss Gordon left. Then," referring to his papers, "there is Miss West, and Mrs. Harris—both experienced teachers, and highly commended. I think I can rely on them. I only wish I felt as sure of this Miss Wayne. Nobody knows anything about her, except that she comes from Bloomington, and has good certificates.

"A teacher needs a great deal of energy, tact, and firmness, and education, to deal with the arabs of the form she will have charge of. I suppose I'll have another such experience as I had with that room three years ago, when they ran out one teacher, and would have done the same with the second, only the holidays came to an end, and prevented them," and the schoolmaster sighed and rubbed his brow as if it already ached in anticipation of coming trouble.

"A quarter past two," he went on, "they ought to all be here in half an hour, but they won't."

Donald Gray's scholarly face looked paler in contrast with his very black eyes, hair, and more scholarly by reason of his glasses—worn to remedy his near-sightedness.

He was on the sunny side of thirty-five, unmarried—"a confirmed old bachelor," people said, and so he said himself. He had always been so wrapt up in study and books that he rarely went into Society.

He was a man who put heart and soul in his work. He followed teaching as a profession because he loved it. He was proud of the success, and ashamed of the failure of teachers and pupils in his school, just as parents are of the victories or defeats of their children. What wonder then that, with three hundred of the most unruly children on the one side, and an untried set of teachers on the other, his brain ached, and his heart sank at the prospect.

His gloomy thoughts were interrupted by the sound of a brisk, light step in the hall, and a moment later a young lady appeared at the door.

"This is Mr. Gray, is it not?" she asked, coming forward to the desk, "I am Carrie Wayne. No, I do not wish to disturb you," as he laid aside his papers—"for I know you are busy. I came early so as to have a look at my room—make a map as it were, of the battle ground, and plan the coming campaign. If you will tell me which one it is, I'll not hinder you further."

"It was no hindrance at all," he hastened to assure her. "Indeed, he was glad she had come, that he might make her acquaintance. He thought she was wise to 'take the lay of the land' before setting to work."

This and much more he said, as he accompanied her to the room in question, and called her attention to the new style of blackboards, and the latest improvement in desks.

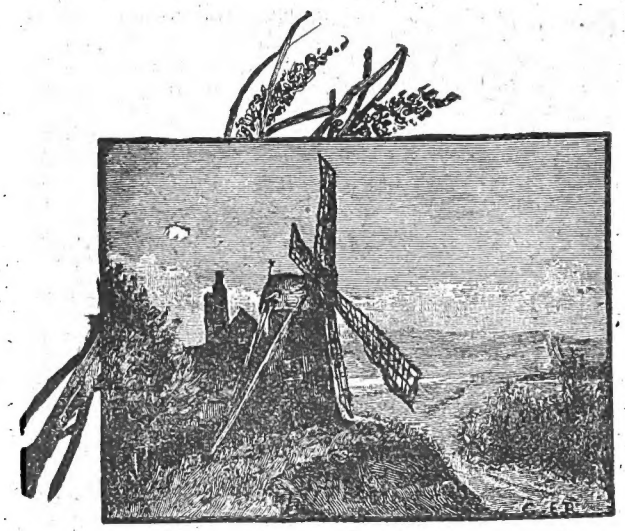
He might have added much more—but he didn't. He might have told her that her promptness, her quick, energetic step, her cheery voice, her clear, steady eyes, her quickness of decision—had lifted a weight from his mind and heart. The anxious schoolmaster went home well satisfied with the corps of teachers with which the management had provided him.

It was not long before, by one means or another, Miss Wayne had won the respect, the confidence, and finally the devotion of every one of her unruly girls and boys. To be sure there were pop-guns and tops and other toys those trials common to all school teachers. There was even a long string with a mouse at one end, and Johnny Maloney at the other, that nearly frightened some of the girls into hysterics. But these minor difficulties were easily settled, and in such a way that, while the pupils felt they had to obey, still—as Johnny Maloney put it—"Miss Wayne was awful nice, and she would treat a fellow like a gentleman as long as he treated her near the mark."

The schoolmaster was happy. He found it very pleasant to chat with his young assistant as she stood at the window during playtime to watch her own scholars in the ground. They would occasionally discuss some book, or some question in metaphysics, and Miss Wayne could argue a point skilfully. It grew to be really a rest to him to step into her room on his round; there was such an atmosphere of cheerfulness and good fellowship.

One day, as he entered the room, there was a roar of laughter in which teacher and pupils joined—a laugh so hearty, that he smiled in sympathy. As soon as she could

Digitized by Google



steady her voice, Miss Wayne turned to him saying, "Mr. Gray, Victor wants to know if it would not be a good plan to dig great wells and drain the lava from volcanoes, so that there would be no more eruptions. Will you answer him?"

In the laugh that followed, and the simple explanation with blackboard illustrations that called forth his love of geology and astronomy, the schoolmaster forgot all the vexation and weariness which the others had caused him, and went away refreshed.

So the weeks and months passed, until the summer vacation was again near at hand.

One morning Miss Wayne was absent from her post, "not well enough to come to school," her note ran, "but she hoped a few days rest would make her all right again."

Somehow the day was dull, and the schoolmaster went home uncommonly weary. He wondered how Miss Wayne was. Then he remembered that she had not seemed like her own bright self for several days past. She had looked worn and tired, and there had been a bright flush on her cheeks.

He believed it was all interest in the welfare of the school, for the closing examination, which no one could conduct so well as she, had made him worry continually over her absence. For she was ill, dangerously so, the lady teachers said.

It was not until the examinations were over and the doors of the school closed for the holidays, that Mr. Gray took time to call on his missing assistant. Late in the afternoon of the lovely July day he climbed the hill to the rose-covered cottage where she lodged. Her easy chair had been drawn to the window. The book she had been reading had dropped from her slender fingers, and she lay back with closed eyes, so that she did not see him as he came up the gravel path.

What was there in the sunny smile with which she greeted him when he was announced, to cause his heart to bound so?

Why did the sight of her wasted hands and pale face bring such a thrill of pain? He did not ask himself why. He did not realise how much it meant to him. He was content to sit beside her and answer her eager questions concerning the examination, the varied success of her pupils, and all the other items dear to a teacher's heart.

Then with congratulations over her convalescence and heartfelt wishes for her complete recovery during the holidays, he bade her good-bye.

He went away for his summer rest happy in the thought that she would be at her old post when school began again; and he did not dream of any change till the list was handed to him on his return.

"Miss Gordon, Miss West, Mrs. Harris, Miss Forsythe. Why, where is Miss Wayne?" he asked with a sudden sinking heart.

"I do not know," responded the trustee. "She went away some three weeks after school closed, leaving no application for a return and we have heard nothing of her since. We are all sorry, for she had proved herself so efficient that it was hard to supply her place."

How insufferably hot and close the room became all at once to the schoolmaster. He would certainly be stifled if he did not get out. Why did Mr. Butler drawl so, and explain everything at length? How he dreaded the coming school year all at once. How would he ever get through it? His head ached, and brain whirled, and heart sank at the very thought of it. And yet—why, only an hour before, he had been eager for the work to begin!

At length he was free. He seized his hat and hurried out.

A sudden darkness had fallen over the glare of that bright August day. There was a great weight on his heart—the weight of a passionate, burning love, that had been growing silently, swiftly for months, and had not discovered itself until too late. "Too late! too late!" he said it over and over to himself as he strode along.

He saw nothing but a pale, sweet face against its background of black shawl—heard nothing but a low voice with its silvery laugh—the face and the voice which meant all the world to him.

He found himself at last at the very gate of the cottage where he had last seen her. This had been her home, why should it not be his? Perhaps she would not seem so lost to him if he could live where she had lived, walk the same path to school which she had trod so often, or sit in the same chair in which he had last seen her.

With Gray, to think was to act. His ring at the door was responded to by a motherly old lady, who recognised him at once and gave him a cordial welcome.

"Yes," she said, after a little preliminary talk. "Miss Wayne has left, and I have three rooms empty in all. I can accommodate you, sir. Yes, I missed her a good deal at first."

"And you never heard from her?" the schoolmaster asked, waiting eagerly for his answer.

"Yes, once. She wrote from Aberdeen, where she was visiting her aunt. She said she was going farther north in a short time. She said she'd write again, I've had no letter yet."

That was all the news, all the hope he received. He settled down to his work, going through it in a mechanical sort of way, missing her at every turn. Every evening he looked for news through Mrs. Benton, and as constantly was he disappointed. At home his favourite companion was a volume of Emerson's essays, which she had left by mistake, and which had evidently been a favourite of hers also. It was well-worn and much interlined, there were marginal notes, written in her clear hand, and numerous references—many of which he remembered hearing her use in their talks together.

Digitized by Google

So time passed on until four years had flown. Mr. Gray remained the same quiet, reserved man of yore, and silver threads were beginning to show themselves amid his black hair.

He was no longer principal of that school, but he had been appointed Government Inspector with a fine salary.

During this time he had tried to put away from him the love he had discovered so long before.

He had tried to make himself believe that fate had not intended his life to be otherwise. Had told himself that Carrie Wayne was too young and fair and bright for such a man as he, but in vain.

No word had ever come from her, and he no longer looked for any. She had forgotten the old town. Perhaps she was married. He knew she was happy wherever she was. She was always happy, and made everyone about her so.

With lagging steps he dragged his way up the front walk, tired with the day's work. Evidently his landlady had company, for she was talking in a very animated manner, and as he neared the open door he could hear that she was talking about him.

"Yes, Mr. Gray had lodged here for the last four years, and she had become quite attached to him." Then his heart gave a wild throb, and for an instant ceased beating, as a fresh, happy voice answered: "Mr. Gray and I were quite good friends four years ago, and I shall be very glad to see him again."

His pulses were bounding fast enough now. "She had come back at last. She was glad he was there!"

He heard her swift step coming through the hall, and started forward to meet her.

"Why, it's Mr. Gray!" she cried with a little start, as they met face to face at the door, and she held out her hand with a smile of welcome.

"Carrie!" he cried, in his excitement using the only name by which he had thought of her all those years! He was possessed with a mad desire to fold her in his arms, to cover her face with kisses, and to whisper all his long-restrained love in her ear. But reason told him it would not do.

She had gone away thinking that he cared nothing for her! She had lived all this time in the same belief. Perhaps she loved some one else—why shouldn't she? She might even be married. He must wait and see. All these things flashed through his mind in that brief moment that he held her hand, and just as rapidly did his traitorous eyes reveal them to her quick intuition. Then he said, as steadily as he could, "And you have really remembered us again, and come back to take a look at the old place?"

"I had never forgotten," she answered, while her eyes dropped before his passionate gaze. Then with an evident effort she recovered herself and said, "Come and sit down out here, and tell me the news. I am impatient to hear of all the old teachers, and what my former pupils have accomplished since I left. Does Victor still ask his comical questions, and do the chimneys still smoke?"

So she plied him with questions and listened eagerly to his answers, all the time reading the "old old story" so dear to a woman's heart, which his ardent eyes and subdued voice were unconsciously telling.

When he reached home the next evening he found Miss Wayne with the copy of Emerson in her lap. He went up the steps and sat down beside her. There was a strange new light in the eyes she raised to his when he said—pointing to the Emerson:

"Ah, I see you have got your own book again. I must thank you for forgetting it, for it has been a favourite companion of mine these four years." Then, all at once catching the meaning of the light in her eyes, he bent towards her, his voice low and trembling as he said, "Shall I tell you why it has been so dear to me, Carrie?"

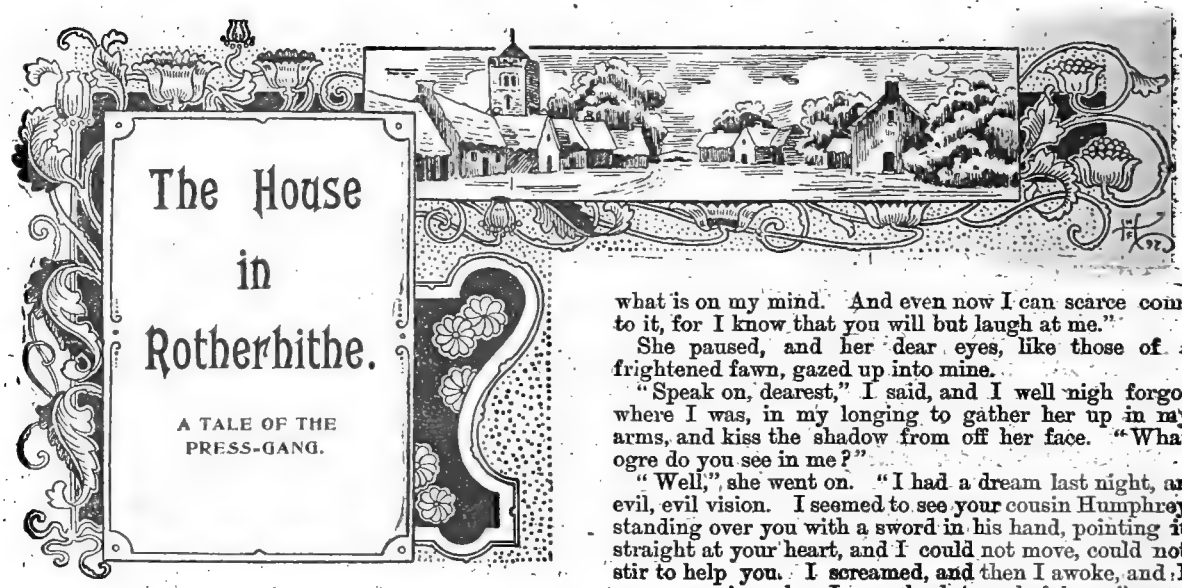
"There is no need," she said. "The marked Emerson has told me what your eyes had not already said."

"And you understand it all? How I loved you all the time—but found it out too late. How I have stayed here, hoping that some day I should hear where I might find you! How my heart has longed for you and found comfort only in being where you had been, and touching the things which your hands had made sacred! Oh, Carrie, have you understood all this?"

She looked steadily into his glowing eyes for a moment, then lifted her lips to his. That was all the answer he needed.

Arnold Rees.

Digitized by Google



The House in Rotherhithe.

A TALE OF THE PRESS-GANG.

My cousin Humphrey hated me, and, though I make enemies through the confession, I hated my cousin Humphrey.

"*Qui s'excuse, s'accuse,*" says the French proverb, so I am not going to try and vindicate my hatred, except by the telling of this story.

To begin, then, Madge was the cause of all the disturbance. If she had not been so winsome and so enchanting, my cousin Humphrey and I would never have fallen out, and I—well, I should not have married the loveliest maiden in all the world.

They were troublous times, those of '98, when I was a lad, and the iron hand of Bonaparte lay on Europe.

Now we Tamplins had never been a war-like race. My father and my father's father had been but honest merchants, and there was I, an orphan, the head of a business that required constant watching, and betrothed to Madge, who was, like myself, alone and without the sheltering hands of parents to watch over her.

And now I come back to Humphrey, my cousin. From boyhood up he and I had been at constant variance. At Christ's Hospital we were for ever fighting, the one against the other. Then he went to Oxford and I to the counting-house in Cheapside, and we lost sight of each other for a space. Then he left the University and came to live in London, to *live*, as he held life—a *roué*, a gamester, a tavern brawler.

And now he aspired to the hand of my Madge. Can you wonder at my hatred? And as his passion grew stronger for the girl, so did her abhorrence of him deepen.

She was always begging me to be careful. I used to laugh at her forebodings. But one day matters came to a head.

We were strolling together one Sunday morning in Whitehall. All that morning Madge had seemed to be constrained, as though there was something on her mind which she was loth to put into words.

At last I taxed her with it. In a moment she burst out into voluble speech:

"You are right, sweetheart," she said eagerly, and there seemed to be a touch of tearfulness in her voice, "I have been for long wondering how I could tell you what is on my mind. And even now I can scarce come to it, for I know that you will but laugh at me."

She paused, and her dear eyes, like those of a frightened fawn, gazed up into mine.

"Speak on, dearest," I said, and I well nigh forgot where I was, in my longing to gather her up in my arms, and kiss the shadow from off her face. "What ogre do you see in me?"

"Well," she went on. "I had a dream last night, an evil, evil vision. I seemed to see your cousin Humphrey standing over you with a sword in his hand, pointing it straight at your heart, and I could not move, could not stir to help you. I screamed, and then I awoke, and I was screaming when I came back to wakefulness."

She shuddered, and the tears that had been hiding for long behind her lashes, broke loose from their bonds, and trickled down her rose-flushed cheeks.

How could I chide her foolish—as I thought—imaginings. I could but comfort her and promise caution. And then we talked of other things, of the future, and of our marriage, and so I forgot the occurrence.

A week passed by. One morning, seated in my office as usual, a note was brought to me. The handwriting was strange, and my clerk could give me no clue as to the sender. It had been found in the letter-box, among my other missives. The seal was of plain red wax, with merely the impress of a finger as signet.

I unfolded the paper. This is what I read:

"Your cousin Humphrey means evil to you. I can save you. Meet me to-night at seven of the clock at Number 15, Little Sword Lane, Rotherhithe. Come alone and in disguise. Knock and it shall be opened to you."

That was all. For a moment I hesitated, and he who hesitates is lost. I thought of Madge and her vision. If cousin Humphrey really wished me ill, here would be a chance of settling the matter for once and for all time.

And so I resolved to go to Rotherhithe that night.

Six o'clock came, and with it a fine rain driving through the streets of the city. Sombrely clad, and with an old hat I had long ago discarded upon my head, I sallied forth on my strange journey, by this time eager to learn more of the business, and curious as to who or what might be waiting for me in Little Sword Lane.

I had some little difficulty in tracing my way to the rendezvous. Rotherhithe has never been a savoury neighbourhood, and in those days it was a hotbed of infamy, the haunt of foreign seamen, the lair of many a desperate footpad.

At last I hit upon Little Sword Lane, a narrow thoroughfare bordering on the river. Arrived at No. 15, I hesitated for an instant, and then, summoning up all my resolution, lifted the latch and entered.

There were two occupants of the room in which I found myself—a squalid enough apartment, with a

Digitized by Google

lantern upon the table, otherwise devoid of furniture—two men heavily cloaked and hatted.

They rose as I entered. One of them advanced without a word to the door, which he bolted, the other faced me, though I could see nothing of his countenance, by reason of his great hat, and the cloak he held over the lower part of his face.

"To what—" I began, but further speech froze on my tongue. The man threw back his cloak, and the next instant I was gazing down the barrel of a pistol, and into the sinster face of—my cousin Humphrey.

"Well met, cousin," he said with a sneer. "So you got my letter?"

If I felt fear you may be sure my hate killed it.

"So it was you," I made answer. "This is indeed an honour. How long have you taken up your abode in Rotherhithe?"

The villain laughed. "'Tis but a short lease I have," he answered tauntingly, "but 'twill serve my purpose. I would give you to understand that you are in my power, sweet cousin."

I shrugged my shoulders. "Have you taken to the road?" I asked banteringly. "There be many *gentlemen* who are of that calling now."

His face paled beneath my sneer. "Have a care," he hissed, "but why should I waste time. Listen. I have hated you all my life, and now the time has come for the payment of my debt. You think that you are safe, you think that because you have tricked me out of Madge's love you have won her. Fool! To-night the press-gang will be here. The captain of them is a friend of mine. I have promised him a fine recruit. In ten minutes he will be here. In twenty minutes or a little more you will be on board one of His Majesty's jolly-boats, and then—" he lingered diabolically over the words: "We shall see who is the winner of the final game."

I started back, white to the lips. My braggart spirit fled, and fear took its place. Yes—why should I be ashamed to confess it?—fear, abject fear, was mine.

At that very moment the sound of voices outside fell on my ears, followed by a hurried battering at the door. Humphrey's face was terrible to look at in its expression of horrid exultation.

I glared wildly round. There was no hope of escape; I was caged like a rat. The door was flung open, the room became full of sailors with cutlasses in their hands, at their head an officer.

Humphrey still held the pistol levelled at my head.

"Here is your man, Captain Vincent," he said.

The officer took two steps forward. I glared wildly at him. As I did so my heart gave a great bound, for in him I recognised Jack Vincent—he who had been my friend years ago in the old days at Christ's Hospital.

"Jack," I cried despairingly, "Jack, for the sake of old times, spare me!"

Jack Vincent staggered back as though he had been struck.

"Roger," he answered, and at his tone my vanished hopes came back to me, "is't you, dear lad?"

Then he turned to Humphrey.

"You villain!" he said. "Seize him, men; aye, and his confederate!"

Humphrey glared round him like a wild beast at bay. The men swarmed round him. A wild cry leapt from his lips. There was a flash, as flint struck steel, and the next moment a red-hot line seemed to run through my head. I flung up my hands and fell senseless.

* * * * *

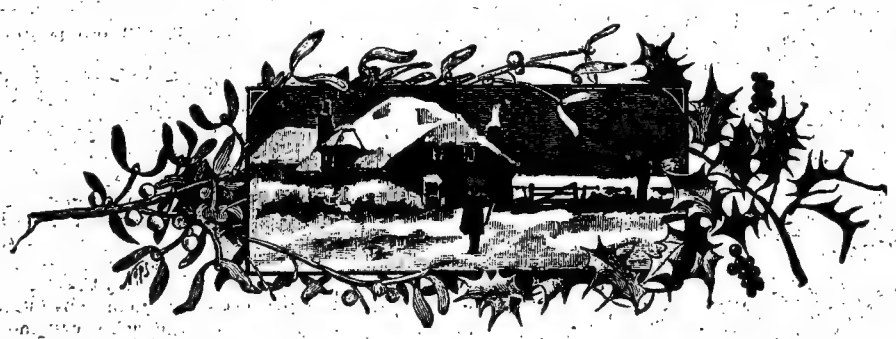
When I came to myself I was lying in my own bedchamber, with Madge bending over me, her gorgeous eyes full of blinding tears.

Well, it's all over, now. I am living up here in Warwickshire with my wife and family, sunning myself on the grass-grown terrace that sweeps down to the placid Avon.

Humphrey! He was killed on Vincent's ship, the *Zealous*, at the battle of the Nile.

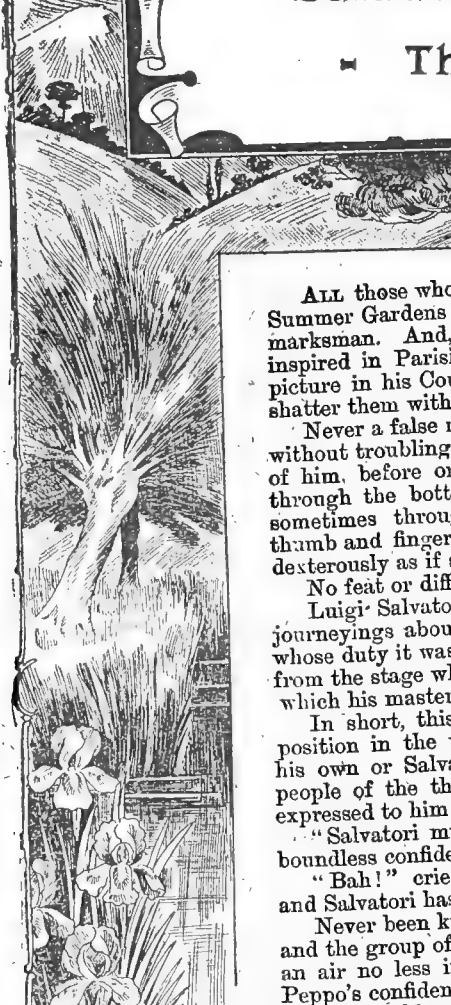
Requiescat in Pace!

Richard Bird.



Google

Salvatori the Dead Shot.



All those whom Paris counted as its most aristocratic worldlings flocked to the Summer Gardens to see in the zenith of his glory Salvatori, the illustrious Italian marksman. And, really, Salvatori justified by his surprising art the delight he had inspired in Parisian circles—tall, erect, superb in figure, handsome as a Vandyck picture in his Court costume, and tossing his glass or porcelain balls into the air to shatter them with the bullets from his rifle as they rose or fell.

Never a false movement, never an ungraceful gesture, seemingly firing at random, without troubling himself to aim, and the bullets struck the bull's eye to right or left of him, before or behind him, at the will of the marksman—sometimes passing through the bottom of a bottle, the bullet entering by the opening at the neck; sometimes through the heart of a card nailed to a target, or held between the thumb and finger; then, again, cutting the stems from clusters of roses as neatly and dexterously as if snipped with scissors.

No feat or difficulty too great for his wonderful skill.

Luigi Salvatori, at the time we first see him, always carried with him in his journeyings about the world a young lad by the name of Peppo, a sort of assistant, whose duty it was to see to the paraphernalia, to remove the broken balls and bottles from the stage when done with, and before the public to hold the cards and flowers at which his master aimed in his various feats of marksmanship.

In short, this Peppo filled not only a distinguished, but a decidedly dangerous position in the work of the evening, and one in which the least false movement—his own or Salvatori's—would surely have cost him his life. Time and again the people of the theatre, with whom he talked and amused himself between the acts, expressed to him their amazement at his nerve and daring.

"Salvatori must pay you," they said to him, "a good big salary, or you have boundless confidence in his skill."

"Bah!" cried Peppo airily; "the ball that will kill me is not yet moulded, and Salvatori has never been known to miss his aim."

Never been known to miss his aim? No matter, his comrades were not convinced, and the group of dancers awaiting their call to the ballet shook their pretty heads with an air no less incredulous. Only one of them, little Paulette, seemed to partake of Peppo's confidence.

"I should not fear M. Salvatori," said she, with a tone and a face so earnest that her companions began to banter her, and to cry out teasingly:

"You are a sly-boots, Paulette. But we know what ails you. You are in love with M. Salvatori!"

* * * * * * *

"To-night, Wednesday, July 17th, Monsieur, the Prince of Luisitana will attend the Summer Garden to see the incomparable Salvatori in his wonderful and dangerous feats, and who will doubtless surpass all former efforts in honour of the royal spectators."

Such was the announcement that on the morning in question headed the columns of all the prominent journals, and that when evening came crowded the house from pit to dome as soon as the doors were opened. The public sat even upon the window-ledges, and Stirler, the lessee, while awaiting the hour for the performance to begin, strolled through the wings and reviewed the scene.

"Such a night! such a night!" he cried to the throng of artistes flying in haste from room to room, filling the

Digitized by Google

wings with the noise and bustle inseparable from the moment, just before the rising of the curtain. "Such rank! such beauty! Hurry, hurry, and dance your best; hurry, I say, hurry, the scene is just going to begin."

And the lessee, rubbing his hands and smiling delightedly, ascended to his private office. He had been there some twenty minutes, perhaps, examining the receipts for the evening, and smiling still more blandly as he ascertained the exact figures, when all at once the door burst open, and Salvatori precipitately appeared.

"We are lost!" he cried. "We are lost—lost—ruined!"

"Eh? What? Ruined?"

"Precisely. That rascal Peppo is as drunk as a lord. You know how it is with him—a taste of wine and the game is ended."

"So it is. What'll you do about it?"

"What can I do? It is ruin, I tell you—ruin for both of us. No one will consent to replace him."

"Stay! Wait a bit. We'll see about that."

And Stirler started hurriedly for the wings, Salvatori following behind him.

Five minutes later everyone—singers, gymnasts, jugglers, and dancers—hurriedly crowded together in the huge green-room of the Summer Garden, gazing upon the strange spectacle of the lessee shaking above his head a crisp piece of paper that all could see for themselves was a new bank-note.

"Peppo, who accompanies M. Salvatori in his performance," said he, "is ill and unable to come this evening. This note—five hundred francs all told—for the one who will consent to replace him!"

There was an eager stir in the motley crowd, and hands were extended, drawn by an irresistible itching for the money, but at the thought of how it was to be earned they quickly dropped again. As Salvatori said, no one would take the risk.

Stirler drew out a second note: "One thousand francs," said he. This time not even a stir—the silence unbroken.

Comprehending that it was useless to insist—the size of the sum was a nothing compared to personal fear—the lessee turned despondently upon his heel.

At that instant a group of ballet girls in the corner of the hall parted for the passage of a little figure coming from the shadow of the corridor, and advancing to his side.

"If you please, M. Stirler," said a soft, musical voice, "I will assist M. Salvatori."

"You, Paulette?"

"Yes, M. Stirler."

The crowd pressed about them to curiously regard this strange child, for a child she was, but seventeen years old, and so charmingly pretty, with her curly blonde hair, her fluffy, mist-like skirts—the silvery pink of a summer dawn—and her slender, rounded form. She seemed, indeed, standing under those curious glances, one of those dainty, exquisitely-tinted Dresden figures that are found among the treasures of a collector of rare china.

"Thanks, my child, a thousand thanks, and—a thousand francs beside!"

"No, M. Stirler, I do not want the money; I assist M. Salvatori because—well, because it amuses me."

"Ah, if it amuses you, good! It makes a difference!" and Stirler, enchanted to draw out of the affair without loosening his purse-strings, returned the money to his pocket, whilst the others hurried away to finish the scene before Salvatori's appearance, and the latter dragged Paulette behind a screen to give her some necessary instructions regarding the part she was about to play.

* * * * *

"You understand me," demanded he anxiously. "You are sure you know what to do? First, balls in the air that I will break; then the target and the card between the thumb and first finger, very delicately, the arm extended. After that the cluster of flowers and the rose between your teeth, your profile towards me, and held without a movement till the bullet parts the stem and the blossom falls, cut from within an eighth of an inch of your lips. No danger, however—not a particle. I never miss my aim. You have seen me and Peppo—that he is never afraid?"

"Oh, yes, I know. But ——"

"But what, my child?"

Paulette hesitated, dropped her eyes, then timidly:

"At the last moment, please, M. Salvatori, do not—look me in the face."

Not look her in the face? Salvatori smiled. He had begun to comprehend.

"But why not?" said he gently, almost tenderly. "Why not, little one?"

"I—I am afraid of seeming afraid," Paulette answered, a trifling incoherently as to phrasing, perhaps, but read clearly as print by the man beside her.

"So be it, I promise you," said he. "But tell me, Paulette, tell me why you refused the thousand francs that Stirler offered you. It would have made you rich."

"No, on the contrary it would have——"

"Well, go on, 'on the contrary.' Finish what you were going to say."

But happily for Paulette the voice of the call-boy saved her from further questioning—the curtain was up.

* * * * *

The scene between them was simply an enormous success. Never had Salvatori shown such daring and prompt decision, and the entire Press next morning, without a dissenting voice, could not say enough in praise of the charming child who, at the last moment, had thrown herself into the breach created by Peppo's absence.

As it seems to be necessary that romance should enter into everything, so they invented stories to fit the occasion regarding the antecedents of the "courageous beauty." All declared her a young girl of aristocratic parentage, seized with an irresistible fancy for the

Digitized by Google

handsome Italian, and ready to abandon her family on his account, one of the papers going so far as to name a certain duchess from whom she was lineally descended.

Salvatori also recognised how the appearance of Paulette beside him increased and emphasised his own success; how it doubled the attraction, because of the feminine grace and mystery surrounding her, so enticing to the eye of the public and stimulating to curiosity.

Nor did it take him long to become convinced that Paulette was a girl whose only thought and desire was the care of an aged and infirm mother. More than that, he had been deeply touched by the proof of love she had given him in assuming that rascal Peppo's duty.

How pretty she was, too! And, as he really believed that he would never again find a woman as devoted and loving as she, he married her.

A dream of happiness suddenly realised for this guileless child! Salvatori was her ideal—her god. Her only joy in other times had been to approach him, to speak to him a single word. One look from him brought sunlight for the entire day—enough to last her till the morrow.

But joy does not often kill. Paulette accustomed herself to her new honours, and returned for them a love that was an adoration. Salvatori, too, seemed to adore Paulette. They were truly the most united of couples, and the most charming to see.

The happy husband, loaded with honours and triumphs, a guest at the tables of sovereigns, told the wife, ardently and truthfully, that it was to her he owed it all.

"My happiness, even, comes to me through you, Paulette. I love you! I shall never, never love anyone but you—you who have held yourself so straight and bravely before the muzzle of my rifle!"

* * * * *

Alas, that when one has climbed to the pinnacle of bliss, one must descend again—frequently with a plunge!

Paulette had been too happy, and after two years of joy without a cloud, and mutual love, felt all the more cruelly the sting of the sorrow that had come upon her.

Salvatori loved her no longer.

He was still kind to her as in the past—still amiable and apparently attentive to her wishes, nay, at times, anticipating them, but this was not that other love. Paulette felt that she was no more mistress of her husband's heart. Correspondence withheld from one long and unexplained absence on the part of a husband—it does not take a wife very many days to discover that her reign over her husband's affections has reached its limit.

But Paulette, you see, was such an innocent; she had never read a single romance or studied the world around her; she did not reason, and a notion of revolt never once entered her head any more than that of resignation. She did not say to herself:

"Wait, Paulette, wait; he will surely return to you—you will have your happiness back again."

She did not even make an effort to regain it. No, not a sigh, not a tear, nothing.

"He loved me once," she thought. "For two years his heart was mine, and mine alone. Alas, that this world's happiness should be so short! To-day it is done with—everything ended. Then, if it is ended, why am I on this earth?"

Should she speak to Salvatori of her gnawing sorrow? Should she utter a complaint? Oh, no, never! He had shown himself enough of a prince when he had descended to her level and made her, a little ballet girl, his honoured wife. He had been very good to her, very patient, and for two whole years he had loved her and given her an undivided heart.

Nevertheless, though Paulette knew he loved her no longer, she felt no anger against her husband. She suffered cruelly, true; but then it was all her own fault—she should not have felt things so keenly.

Two years of perfect happiness! How few could count upon even two years with certainty? She had had them; she would keep them! How? The simplest way in the world; as the gambler keeps his winnings when luck goes against him: by throwing up her hand.

One thing only troubled her in accepting the deliverance open to her. Salvatori might blame himself, accuse himself of a crime, or suffer remorse. But she put it from her, this harassing thought.

"I will write it down," she murmured. "I will write everything; no one must censure him!"

* * * * *

After a period of absence, Salvatori returned to Paris. The Summer Garden was packed, and a perfect ovation greeted the handsome marksman as he entered for his work, Paulette beside him.

First the balls, which Paulette tossed and Salvatori shattered; then the target; the bottles, which the bullets entered by the openings in their necks with swift unerring precision. After these the clusters of flowers, and then the rose between Paulette's teeth severed from the stem "within an eighth of an inch"—Salvatori's own words—of the rosy lips.

The same old programme, and this, as of old, the closing feat; but Paulette's lips were not, as usual, wreathed with a happy smile. As the moment came she drew a rose from the front of her corsage—a rose with a stem so very short the people shivered as they saw it—and stepped to position.

"One, two—are you ready, Paulette?" Salvatori cried, as his wife stood straight and white before him, her eyes, filled with a strange sadness, turned upon a box to the right of the stage, in which sat a beautiful woman smiling at her husband.

A smile, too, which Salvatori returned, as once more he repeated his question, "Are you ready, Paulette?" Once more he began his counting, and raised his rifle.

Ready? Oh, yes. Paulette was ready, and an instant later—dead upon the boards. She had bent her head as the last words left her husband's lips, and would suffer no more.

Weston Maire.

A Magazine for One Penny.

These are the days of cheap literature, and some wonderful pennyworths can be bought.

The most remarkable production of the literary world, however, is *The Sunday Reader*, which has just changed its form, and is now a dainty magazine.

There are thirty-two pages of deeply interesting reading matter, but the price remains at the extraordinarily low figure of One Penny.

With this week's number—the first of the new series, and the first of a new volume—a magnificent coloured engraving is given away. Order *The Sunday Reader* at once from your newsagent. You will be delighted with it. It is the only religious magazine published at One Penny.

NOW READY. 32 PAGES AND A COLOURED PLATE. ***ONE PENNY.***

Google

THE EMPRESS OF THE EARTH

THE TALE OF THE YELLOW WAR

BY M. P. SHIEL.

SUMMARY.

Yen How, a shrewd Chino-Japanese doctor, who has spent a portion of his life in almost every country in Europe studying the various nationalities and customs in all classes of life, falls desperately in love with an English nursemaid. His advances are rudely repulsed, however; but he leaves England with a fixed determination to win the object of his affections in spite of all opposition. The means he employs for this purpose are immeasurably vaster than the end.

Yen How goes first to Japan as a Japanese, where, by reason of his authority upon all matters connected with Europe and his high rank, he soon becomes a member of the Japanese Parliament. He rapidly becomes intimate with the prime minister, Marquis Ito, to whom he proposes a league between the two races of China and Japan, and an immense scheme by which Europe may be reduced to a waste, and China become the Empress of the Earth with scarcely an effort of her own. He then goes to China and becomes virtual ruler of that nation. In the course of a conversation which he has with Li Hung Chang he unfolds his scheme for setting all the European Powers against Great Britain. After the slaughter China will step in and conquer the remnants of the armies. The *Halcyon* is sent to Malta convoyed by the *Majestic*. In the Bay of Biscay *La Gloire*, a French battleship, is encountered, and fights the *Majestic*, which ultimately rams her opponent and then sinks. The crew is saved by the *Halcyon*.

Great Britain now prepares for war. A picket boat in the Channel sights a foreign fleet convoying transports, and John Hardy, a consumptive midshipman home on sick leave, brings the news to Portsmouth. Immediately troops are concentrated at Brighton under the command of Sir Evelyn Wood, and the Channel fleet sails from Spithead to meet the foe. John Hardy gets on board the *Jupiter*, and, solely by his strength of purpose, is permitted to remain. The British fleet meets the Allied ships in Mid-channel and a battle ensues. Although the British vessels are outnumbered by two to one, the superior tactics of the British, and of John Hardy (who escapes on the *Jupiter* from the fight, and rams all the transports some distance away), result in the destruction of the Allied fleet. Hardy is ill for a time, and on his recovery decides to go to China. Before going, however, he endeavours to obtain a promise of marriage from Miss Bosey Jay, a young lady artist, but is refused.

CHAPTER X. (*continued.*)

Had Mr. Hardy been more successful in his love affair he would have walked straight home, and to bed, and so the course of the world's history might have been otherwise.

As it was, he went wandering through a number of streets in a desultory mood, not knowing whither he went.

Night had fallen.

He had left Bosey Jay more in love than when he had approached her door. He said to himself, walking himself tired among the streets: "I will have her, I will have her, by the Lord——"

Suddenly his own name caught his eye. He was in front of the Palace Theatre of Varieties.

London was alight. The streets were thronging with people. The façades of the Palace were arrayed with galaxies of brilliant jets.

There, on a large board, with the printers' ink still wet on the placard, appeared the attraction of the night:

MISS LOTTIE COLLINS
Will Appear To-night
In Her New Patriotic Song,
Entitled:
"BRAVO, JOHN HARDY!"

The song had been composed, learnt, orchestrated, and rehearsed, all in the course of a single day, in the fixed assurance that it would "catch on."

John stood looking at the placard, smiling. He felt in his pocket; he had some money. It was about time for the entertainment to begin. He went in.

His mind was, in some of its aspects, as unstable as water. It shifted like phosphorescences in the dark. All forms of pleasure, especially, had great power to deflect and draw him. He could be won from grave to gay by the simplest means. He had not only the soul of a hero, but the mind of a baby.

He remembered that one could smoke and drink in music-halls. He would make a night of it. If there was blame, the blame was Bosey Jay's. He put his hand into his pocket again, and looked at what money he had. Good; there was plenty.

Nearly all the afternoon, and at this very hour, a stream of carriages, containing ecstatic photograph-hunters, Mr. Goschen, Lords of the Admiralty, pressmen rabid for an interview, and nondescript distinguished persons, were moving toward, and away from, the door of No. 11a Cavendish Square. But John Hardy did not happen to be at home. He found himself in one of the "pit stalls" of the music-hall, during the performance of a ventriloquist and his talking dolls. In a few minutes he had provided himself with cigars, and a goodly tumbler of spirit-and-soda-water.

A girl sitting next to him touched a companion on the other side of her—a soldier, whose name was John Brabant—and whispered:

"Just look at him; isn't he handsome!"

Her name was Ada Seward. She was the woman who, alone in all the world, had been able to break into fragments the cold rock of Dr. Yen How's nature.

She was a small creature, with skin of a warm yellowish colour, and little quaint Chinese eyes, and light hair with the faintest tinge of red in it; not perhaps pretty, but with some unspeakable attraction of piquancy about her queer, saucy little face, which had caused her to receive no less than twelve offers of marriage before she was twenty. Her friends declared that she was the living image of Miss Marie Tempest, the "Geisha" *prima donna*. In figure she was typically English.

She was perishing to speak a word to the sweet, pink face by her side, with its delicate, aristocratic lines. At last, during a loud song consigning the German nation to perdition, she found her chance.

"Now, young gentleman," she said, "that is *my* dress please; it won't be fit to look at to-morrow if you throw any more brandy-and-soda over it."

John gave her the sweetest smile she had ever beheld on mortal lips, and said: "Pardon me."

At the same time he looked into her face, and liked it.

The waiter had already borne him three whispering glasses of beverage

Digitized by Google

"May I?" he said; "here, waiter—may I order for you and your companion?"

John Brabant bowed low with a hearty:

"Thank you, sir!"

But Ada, who was quite three or four grades higher in the social scale than he, being only in his company on account of old associations, nudged the soldier deprecatingly, objecting to the obligation from a stranger.

It was too late, however. The offer had been accepted. In a few minutes John Hardy and Ada were talking—Ada laughing, John smiling. Brandy-and-soda became the order of the day.

All the time the audience was in a queer mood, impatient, intolerant. There was neither an empty seat nor a spare inch of standing-room in the place; but the people's interest was all bent upon one future point in the entertainment—the entrance of Miss Collins—and meanwhile they took not the least pains to conceal their indifference to the other performances. There was something rowdy and noisy in the tone of the assembly.

"By Jove, I do like you!"

His lips were at her ear.

"Ah, now, that's the drink talking, not you."

"The drink? Nonsense! I do, really. Do *you* like me back?"

"Ah, that would be telling!"

"You do!"

"Go away with you! Why, I have only just seen you!"

"That is of no importance."

"Ah, isn't it, though!"

"Don't be a cruel girl. Here, waiter——"

"Do you know what I think you are—from your ways?"

"No; tell me."

"*You* tell me; let me see if I am right. What are you?"

"You mean my profession?"

"Yes."

"I am a sailor."

Had Ada's ears been more delicately nurtured, she would have detected in that sentence, half-drunk though Hardy was, a very slight intonation of quiet, but imperial arrogance.

"A sailor? You? Go on! Show me your hands."

"Oh, my hands are not very rough, I admit. But still—I am a sailor. You may believe me—in the Navy, you know."

"I see. Well, do you know I had an idea of something like that? A sailor! Yes, that is what you *are*. You come to the point so soon, don't you?—like sailors do."

"Well, but do you like me back, now?"

"No, thank you. No sailors for me. They are here to-day and gone to-morrow."

"That is because they must. You can't punish them for doing their duty to their country, can you?"

"The country is one thing, but girls have got to look after themselves, you see."

"You are too practical."

"I have got to be."

"But you will have me for your sweetheart?"

"Perhaps I will, and perhaps I won't. It depends."

Here was a Study in Indefiniteness. John Hardy fled from the mental indeterminateness in which the answer left him, by turning to his glass for a drink.

The shifters of the indicating numbers removed the card 7 and put up the card 8; "8" meant Lottie Collins. A murmur of expectancy rumoured through the building. The air grew electric. Everyone knew that "ructions" were coming. Already the nerves of the audience were strung high and tense.

"That is very indefinite."

"I can't help it. Wait and see how we feel to-morrow morning."

"Only say now that you like me."

"Well, suppose I say—yes. No, no—it's too stupid!"

"Sweet of you, Nell! Is your name 'Nell'?"

"Yes. How on earth did you know? It is my second name. They call me 'Ada.'"

"Ada—what?"

"Ada Seward."

"I shall call you 'Nell.' I like that better."

"And what is yours?"

"John."

Ada was smitten by the Coincidence. On each side of her was a "John"—one a soldier, the other a sailor. She was the link which united and disparted Her Majesty's forces.

"John—what?"

Here John paused. He was now in a high state of fuddlement, but he was still capable of remembering that his name was on placards all about the town, and was about to be proclaimed aloud by "No. 8."

"John—what?" came the question again.

But Miss Collins rescued him. There was the rattle of a drawn-up curtain—an intense "Sh—h—h" swept through the building—and at once there followed a clap and cry of applause as the whole audience leapt to its feet. Miss Collins had bounded on to the stage, bedraperied from head to heel in the Union Jack.

Amid a dead silence, the *artiste* lifted up her right arm, and so stood for about a minute. Then she gave a sharp, shrewd twist to her wrist, and passionately shouted:

"Bravo, John Hardy!"

And again the audience leapt to its feet, with howls of rapture, which lasted hearly five minutes. The boxes were packed with some of the most distinguished people in England, with Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Stopford Brooke, Sir Henry Hawkins, the Lord Chief Justice, and many others.

At last there was quiet. The *artiste* began to sing. The tune was simple, catchy, and stirring—the words were like strong brandy:

When the Allied fleet came over, and passed the Straits of Dover,
They thought they'd have it all their little way;
But a knowing little cardy (they call him Johnnie Hardy),
He crashed them his Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-aye.

Chorus.

Oh! isn't he a tricky little boy?
And *don't* he know his little way about!
When he handed in his card, and the French saw "Johnnie Hard,"
Lord! transformation scene, you bet, and wild, distracted rout!

There's a little sailor lad, and his eyes are mild and sad,
And you'd think he'd not one single word to say!
But Holy Moses guard ye (he's known as Johnnie Hardy)
When he crashes his Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-aye!

Chorus.

Oh! isn't he a joy, that jolly sailor-boy,
And *don't* he know his little way about!
When he winks his other eye, you may just lay down and die,
For his red right hand is thunder, and his eyes shoot lightnings out!

By this time the audience, wrought up to a high key of excitement, had caught the lilt of the tune. When Miss Collins repeated the last chorus, the house vociferated it, utterly drowning her voice in the wheeling tumult which now prevailed. She pretended to retire, loaded with the masses of flowers which had been showered upon her from the boxes; but she at once returned at the call of the audience. She sang:

Ah, boldly they came over; and they crossed the Straits of Dover;
But "Hardy!" was the answer which England hurled that day;
And Johnnie winked his eye, and they all lay down to die,
When he crashed them his Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-aye!

Chorus.

So isn't he just bricks, with his little crafty tricks?
And *don't* he know his little way about?
For his head is crisp with curls, and he's a devil with the girls,
But ten thousand times a devil when the Dogs of War are out!

Once more she repeated the chorus, the audience taking it clamourously up. Then she tripped from the stage. But the house roared after her with the frenzy of men parting with their last earthly hope. She had now utterly mesmerised and enthralled them. The moment was ecstatic with an electrical tension impossible to describe. They bawled, they yelled, they stood up straining forward with frenzied gesticulations, tears pouring down many faces,

Digitized by Google

handkerchiefs waving. At last she reappeared. She had a verse in reserve. She sang:

Old England is the mother, and each of you a brother,
To this stern brow that bids the world obey;
And now he shan't be tardy (God bless you, Johnnie Hardy!)
In crashing more Ta-ra-ra Booms-de-aye!

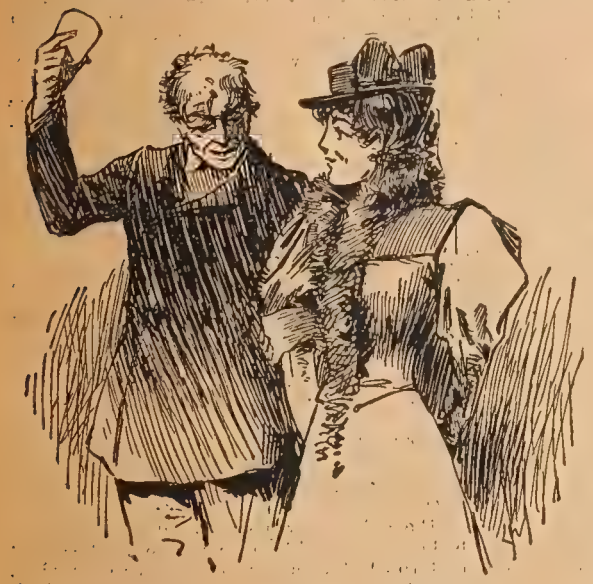
Chorus.

So, isn't he a joy, this British sailor boy?
And *don't* he know his little way about?
He couldn't hurt a fly, but he's tricky, and he's sly,
And he makes the sky to redden, and the roaring Deep to spout!

She rendered this last verse with almost distracted nerve and heat; and before proceeding to give the chorus a second time, stretched forth her arm, and in a fierce tone of command, cried: "Stand all!"

The audience sprang upright yelling, the male part of it uncovering. The singing of the last chorus burst forth universally. And there, too, was John Hardy, hopelessly drunk now, with an arm round Ada Seward's arm, he, too, standing, he, too—with an empty glass brandished high in his right hand—laughing and singing:

So, isn't he a joy, this British sailor-boy?
And *don't* he know his little way about?
He couldn't hurt a fly, but he's tricky, and he's sly,
And he makes the sky to redden, and the roaring deep to spout!



With an arm round Ada Seward's arm.

No sooner had Miss Collins disappeared, amid an unparalleled tempest of sound, than the audience scattered. They were capable of no more emotion for that night.

John Hardy found himself in the street, leaning on Ada Seward's arm. They were alone. Where the soldier Brabant had vanished to, neither of them knew.

"Shee cheers for ole Nelson!" cried John Hardy. "Ha! ha! ha!—ole Nelson. Shee cheers, by the Lord——"

"Come now, be good," said Ada. "Get into this cab, will you?"

"Where you live?"

She gave him the Pattison address, and impressed it upon him.

"Mind, I shall expect to hear from you," she said, as she shoved him into the cab, and kissed him.

John, going home in the cab, murmured, with fainting, intoxicating breath:

"Bosey! Bosey! I shall have you yet, by the Lord——"

And Ada waited in vain. The next morning he had clean forgotten her address.

But he remembered—*her name.*

CHAPTER XI.

John Hardy Among the Nations.

The next day John Hardy shut himself up in a fit of sulky moroseness, flatly refusing to see anyone. The day after that was Sunday, and on Sunday evening he was at Freshwater.

His yacht was ready to sail.

He had in his breast-pocket letters-of credit from the bankers of his solicitors to business houses in Paris, Berlin, Petersburg, Pekin, and Shanghai.

He had also with him a French dictionary, a German dictionary, a Bible, and a very elementary French conversation-book.

He had also with him a portrait of Bosey Jay, which he had obtained that morning from Lady Sinclair.

He had also with him a shilling map of Northern China, four sorts of foreign coin, and a revolver.

As he stepped from the train from Newport at Freshwater he saw a late Sunday-edition placard announcing that 100,000 British troops were about to embark for Havre for a French invasion; and this made his heart rejoice.

The *English Bird* weighed anchor at eight p.m. He was under requisition by letter to attend at the Admiralty the next day, but he took not the least notice of it, leaving it to be supposed that he had set out before receiving the requisition. He was a free subject, he said to himself.

Before sunrise on Wednesday morning he arrived at the quaint old town of San Sebastian on the north Spanish coast.

He had taken the precaution to bring no linen marked with his own name. He intended to travel as an American citizen, under the name of Petersen. From San Sebastian he sent back the yacht to England, and at once proceeded with a small trunk by train to Bayonne, thence to Bordeaux, and thence, by way of Angoulême, Poitiers, and Tours, to the French capital. He reached the Gare d'Orléans on the Thursday morning at 9.30, nearly a week after the Battle of Shoreham, and proceeded westward to a hotel in the neighbourhood of the Madeleine, reporting himself in the hotel bulletin as having travelled from Spain.

The first thing that happened to him was that he fell in love with that charming courtesan, Paris.

He had been so exceptionally and scrupulously insular, that he had always instinctively shrunk from leaving England, except in the ships on which he served. Hence he knew some of the ports of Europe very well, but had never been to Paris.

Paris is the *fille de joie* of the cities of the earth. She alone is purely feminine. She is as queer, and treacherous, and lovely, and indescribable as woman. Whoso truly loves woman will not escape her witchery. She is a divine sinner.

John Hardy intended to leave Paris at three o'clock; but he put off his departure till the next day; and meantime he got into trouble.

The news of the disaster to the Allied fleet had four days since reached France. But the whole thing was wildly incredible; it was not believed, or believed with only half the mind; and for this reason: that the news had come by the round-about way of the Mackay-Bennet-cable—from New York! What lent some colour of truth to the report was the incomprehensible fact that the Contre-Amiral and General de Rosney had sent no dispatch boat to announce the landing of the troops on English soil. Yet the nation refused to believe the incredible. They waited, with suspended mind, with bated breath, wildly hoping.

In the impossible contingency of their fleet having been defeated, they argued that at least *one* ship would have

Digitized by Google

escaped to bring them the news. But no ship had come: the fleet could not be defeated.

The fact was that *five* ships had escaped—three liners, and two battleships. But of the three liners, one was towing another at the rate of about half a knot an hour, and the third was just barely forging through the water against a head wind under sail alone. The two battleships were German, and in sorry plight. One with a broken screw, and one with disabled engines, they were making their slow way north-eastward with a vague outlook toward Bremerhafen in their mind's eye.

Of the British ships not one single craft had remained afloat.

However, on the morning of John Hardy's arrival in Paris, one of the three liners drifted on to the French coast, near St. Valéry en Caux, having on board an infantry brigade, and a crew, perishing with hunger, on the verge of frenzy with thirst. By noon Paris knew.

Then there was *brouhaha* and *houlabalu*, or, as we say, "ructions."

Paris, in her rages, as in all else, is like a woman. She tears her finery and ribbons to shreds; she foams at the mouth; her hair is all over the place.

Her last exuberance had taken the shape of the Dreyfus riots, half Anti-Semitic in its *objectif*, partly Anti-Zolaesque, and partly only rowdy. At all events, Monsieur Zola, in the people's plight for an object for their wrath, had been the scape-goat. The Government had triumphed. Monsieur Zola had been declared a "*dégénéré*" by the University; he had been regarded as a "*cas*" by the scientific *aliénistes*; he had been hopelessly lampooned and caricatured by the press; the sale of his books had ceased; he was regarded as a man over and done for.

He waited. On this Thursday morning, the 23rd of March, he had his revenge.

Under the great statue of France in the Place de la Bastille he stood, and the crowd round him spread far up the various avenues leading into the Place. He was recognised: "*C'est M. Zola! C'est M. Zola!*" And he harangued them.

He had always been known as a very decent orator. And he three times used the word "*trahison.*"

This word, "treason," has a strange glamour for the French mind, carrying with it an extraordinary hint of the blackest infamy.

It was a word which Paris could ill bear at that moment. It simply made the crowd a kennel of rabid dogs. Already in other parts—in the Cité, the Place de la Concorde, la Vilette—excited throngs were rushing riotously about the rues and avenues and boulevards, without the incentive of M. Zola's "*trahison.*" And in the midst of M. Zola's crowd, in the deadliest peril, stood John Hardy.

On his forehead was the strip of black plaster which covered the scratch he had received at the Battle of Shoreham.

By some sure intuition, the French know an Englishman at once; they say of you at a glance, "*Il est Anglais.*" And John Hardy was very much of an Englishman.

If ever human boy enjoyed himself, it was he at that moment. He loved a row for its own sake, and here was the sweetest of all rows—a French row.

What added a touch of intense exquisiteness to his enjoyment was his inner knowledge of the cause of the row. These children had dashed themselves like impotent waves against the rock of England, and were now astonished to find that rock was hard, and could shatter them.

John could hardly understand a word of the harangue, though he once heard his own name, but he guessed what it was all about, and he saw it in the distorted faces of the people. He stood looking up into the staring eyes of the orator, quietly smiling.

At the first sound of the uproar he had run from his hotel, and followed a crowd eastward. No thought of his danger occurred to him. His attitude of mind towards the people among whom he found himself was one of quiet and assured dominancy, almost like that of a master towards his servant.

M. Zola was about to complete his oration, and the mob to rush away with some indefinitely hostile purpose toward the Elysée, when John Hardy felt himself touched with a deliberate tap on the shoulder.

He looked round and up.

He was confronted by an extremely foreign-looking person, a middle-aged man to judge by his face, but with a head of quite white, long hair, and a splendid white beard and moustache. He wore a grey, broad-brimmed, soft felt, sombrero sort of hat, which dropped on one side like a lady's Gainsborough. But the part of him that attracted attention was his two hands; they were simply two constellations of bulky, flashing jewels: on each of the eight fingers being several huge rings, glittering with every variety of luminous stone.

His face was very excited. But he said to Hardy, with perfect polished politeness, lifting his sombrero:

"*Ah, monsieur a marché sur mon pied!*"

"*Je ne comprends,*" said John.

"Ah! it is as I thought. Monsieur is, then, English."

"That is so," answered John incautiously.

"Ah! English—good. Very well—all right. I wished to say that monsieur has marched on my foot."

John knew that this was a lie. He had not marched on anyone's foot. But he made a concession; with a condescending nod and smile he said:

"*Merci!*"

He meant to say "*Pardon.*" But "*merci*" and "*pardon*" were very much mixed up in his mind; he often used one instead of the other.

The very foreign person said with a bow:

"I cannot but think that the act was intentioned on the part of monsieur."

"Go away, will you?" said John Hardy.

"But monsieur has not answered my question."

"Yes, I have. Be good enough to go to the devil."

"To the—? Very well—all right." And at once he lifted his voice high, interrupting the orator, crying out:

"*Voilà, messieurs—un Anglais—de la Marine Anglaise——*"

John had committed the indiscretion of wearing his mariner pea-jacket, with brass buttons engraved with anchors.

There arose an outcry round him. A commotion spreading wider through the crowd, like circles round a pebble-splash in water, had him for its centre. M. Zola ceased to hold forth.

They pressed round stiflingly. John began to cough feebly. He pushed back with his elbow a rough-looking, brazen-eyed fellow in an *ouvrier's* smock. But his effort to free himself was poor in force. In a moment or two his jacket was rent off him, and a cruel fist smote him heavily in the jaw. He saw clearly now that he was on the point of being torn to pieces.

He wondered what he could do, and having calmly measured the situation and seeing no chance of escape, he broke into a laugh at his own expense, calling out loudly:

"*Cochers! Cochers!*"

By "*cochers*" he meant to call them "pigs," but, of course, only called them "cabmen."

In a moment he was on the ground on his back.

But whatever Force it is which underlies the world, had this frail and dauntless lad in its keeping for the time being. He was necessary to the future.

A diversion was caused by a loud pair of lungs, which cried:

"*Mais, messieurs, écoutez-moi, écoutez-moi——*"

It was the very foreign person, who was also vehemently interposing his utmost bodily vigour to the rescue of John.

"You know me—you know me all—listen to me—I am Edropol——"

Digitized by Google

"*C'est Edropol! Edropol!*"

Instantly the rumour spread far, amid "*Vive!*" Edropol, the duellist, the Bulgarian, the world-renowned master of the pistol and the rapier; it was he.

He explained. The English sailor had committed upon him a personal outrage. He begged—it was his simple right—that the life of the miscreant should be spared to make the *réparation* which was only his, Edropol's, plain due. The stranger's death was certain either way, but, in short, messieurs, the other way was more neat—more *convenable*.

And so John Hardy was, as it were, torn from the rough hands which had seized him. Edropol's popularity in Paris was paramount. The mob, led by Zola, rushed westwards. Hardy and Edropol were alone.

The *escrimeur*, bowing, handed his card to Hardy, and requested a return of the favour.

"What for?" said John. "I have no card."

"But monsieur will meet me?"

"Where?"

"In the Bois, monsieur."

"But what for?"

"Why, to fight, monsieur."

"You don't mean a duel?"

"Why, naturally, monsieur."

"I see. But an old man like you?"

"Not *too* old, monsieur, perhaps! Does monsieur, then, hesitate?"

"I do. It is absurd."

"Monsieur is, of course, alive to the interpretation which would naturally be put upon any hesitation on his part?"

"No. I am not alive to it. What interpretation?"

"That monsieur is a coward."

"Well, but I am not one, interpret as you please."

"Still, monsieur, I say the *natural* interpretation. I am sure you will recognise my point of view if you recollect that I have the reputation of being the deadliest swordsman in Europe."

"Is that so? Oh, I didn't know."

"Now I think that monsieur realises my point of view?"

"I do, rather."

"And monsieur will now fight?"

"I don't mind. What with?"

"All that will be arranged for us by others, monsieur. If you will give me your name, your address, and the address of a friend to whom I may send a friend of mine——"

"I have no friend worth mentioning here. Send your friend to me personally."

He gave his real name and his address, and turned away from the bowing figure before him. He set out for his hotel.

Later in the day he found himself in front of the Chambre des Députés, and dropped in with a stream of the public.

A glance round the Chamber showed a very full house, a first-night sort of audience in the balconies—Zola, Papa Sardou, the new popular novelist, Pierre Louys—and the Parisian pressmen, packed beyond breathing power, overflowing into the foreign press reserves.

A picturesque assembly below. No dull uniformity, as in the House of Commons, but variety, shades of colour, contrast of race. There is M. Grenier, the Mussulman deputy, in his white Arabian burnous, near the "passage of the Left." The Left—the Socialists—are in force, many of the members carelessly leaning against the light balustrade flanking their end of the "hemi-cycle."

The Centre is packed—Republicans and Opportunists—Government supporters all these. The Right is the stronghold of the Clericals and Legitimists, led by the Abbé Lemire; and here, too, no seat is vacant.

"Ah, monsieur a marché sur mon pied."

Situated in the centre of the circle is the tribune, from which speeches are made; it is ascended by a number of steps—a real pulpit; and behind the tribune, but towering above it, is the high throne of the President of the Chamber, M. Brisson.

M. Brisson wears no wig like our Speaker; but his stern countenance and patriarchal beard are full of majesty.

M. Hanotaux, in the Tribune, is explaining in his fine, suave, diplomatic manner, that "nothing in the actual situation is so far of importance in obviating the annihilation of the British Empire in the near future!"

Furious applause from Centre and Right. Queer ominous sounds from the Left. As sure as there is a sun in the heavens there is going to be a row.

M. Hanotaux is determined. He fully intends to say what he has to say. "It is a coalition whose very name is Victory."

"It has already been defeated!" yells a voice from the Left. (Huge, universal hubbub; M. Jaurès bouncing up and down on his seat; M. Clovis Hugues, the long-haired poet, hurling his arms like a windmill.)

President Brisson rises. For a few moments the uproar continues; but the President, with his commanding voice, calls upon them to recollect that the country looks to them to give the example of calm and sage deliberation. "*Délibération calme et sage!*"

John Hardy hears the words, and understands them, because they are exactly like English words, and he throws a gasp of laughter behind his head, crying: "By the Lord!"

M. Hanotaux proceeds, though interrupted by wild cries. He has often seen the like in that Chamber. In his peroration he makes a fine appeal to the interests that are above party, to the honour, the glory of France. Applause from the Centre and Right; the Left dumb. M. Hanotaux descends slowly.

Digitized by Google

From the Left there comes a cry of "Jaurès! Jaurès!" And the young leader of the Socialists, tall, blonde, broad-shouldered, swings himself up to the Tribune. He proceeds to hurl a string of personal insults at the Centre and Right. "Hanotaux is an *infame*. France has been made the tool of Russia and Germany!" President Brisson rises and calls the speaker to order. Jaurès gives no sign that he hears; there is deaf obstinacy in the curve of the broad back which he turns towards the President. He singles out M. de Mun, the orator of the Catholics, for his fiercest invective. M. de Mun retorts furiously. The two men glare at each other. Like a ball flung from hand to hand, so the stinging and witty retort darts quickly to and back between them. The Socialists egg on their men with cries, the Right their man.

The air is charged with lightning. A voice from the Right: "You are the paid spy of the British Rothschilds!" It is Count de Bernis who speaks, a deeply-bronzed man, moustached, looking like an old captain of Cuirassiers. "You are a liar and a coward!" roars M. Jaurès.

There is a swaying struggle on the front Right benches. It is De Bernis held back by his friends. The air is electrical. The journalists in their compartments stand up and yell out their own various views of things.

Suddenly, from the Left, a strange figure makes a sort of reeling run like a drunken man. He seems to be running for the exit. He dodges the stray members on the floor, then wheels round and fetches De Bernis a swinging blow.

Ha! sits the air *so* then? John Hardy chortles loud, rearing with glee. The attendants rush in and seize the assaulter. In the passage leading from the Right to the lobbies there is a swaying scrimmage. On the Right benches there is another, of which De Bernis is the centre. Suddenly there is a break away from this group, a swift figure darts up the steps of the Tribune, and in a moment the Count de Bernis has given Jaurès a terrible blow under the ear. He quickly and guiltily descends, while the blonde giant reels as though he would fall down the opposite stairs.

In a moment he was on the ground on his back.

Then all is chaos. Everybody is rushing everywhere. Wherever anyone sees a head, he drives his fist at it, yelling like a maniac. The whole Chamber rolls and tumbles in a whirlwind of tumult. They are like bits of vegetables wheeling promiscuously in a boiling and bubbling pot. President Brisson, calm, but laden with sorrow, puts on his tall hat as a sign that the *séance* is at an end. The *mêlée* forces itself out into the lobbies. The attendants clear the galleries. Outside there is a clash of drawn swords; a sound of pistols. John Hardy has seen—France.

Meantime, all over the city the garrison of Paris was in the streets, trying to clear them of the rioters. Night fell.

At eight o'clock a gentleman waited upon Hardy from Edrapol. But he could not speak English, and the interview was a fiasco. Hardy sat down and wrote the following letter, which he handed to Edrapol's second to bear to him:

Sir,—This is to let you know that after consideration, I have changed my mind about the duel for the present. If you like to think I am afraid of your fine swordsmanship, you can, but that is not really the case. On the contrary, when I tell you my motives, you ought to consider the writing of this letter, if anything, a rather brave and worthy act on my part. The fact is, I am a servant of Her Majesty the Queen, and have already in my humble way been able to do some good for my country. As you know, England wants men just now, and that is why, after consideration, I do not see my way to expose my life wantonly, while things are as they are, for a mere trifle. I am sorry to have to disapoint (*sic*) you, and myself too, in our little duel; but that is how I look at it. However, I make you this promise: that on the day this present war is over, I will seek you out, in whatever country you may be, and present myself before you for the purpose of getting through with our little duel; and on that you may rely. I keep your card.

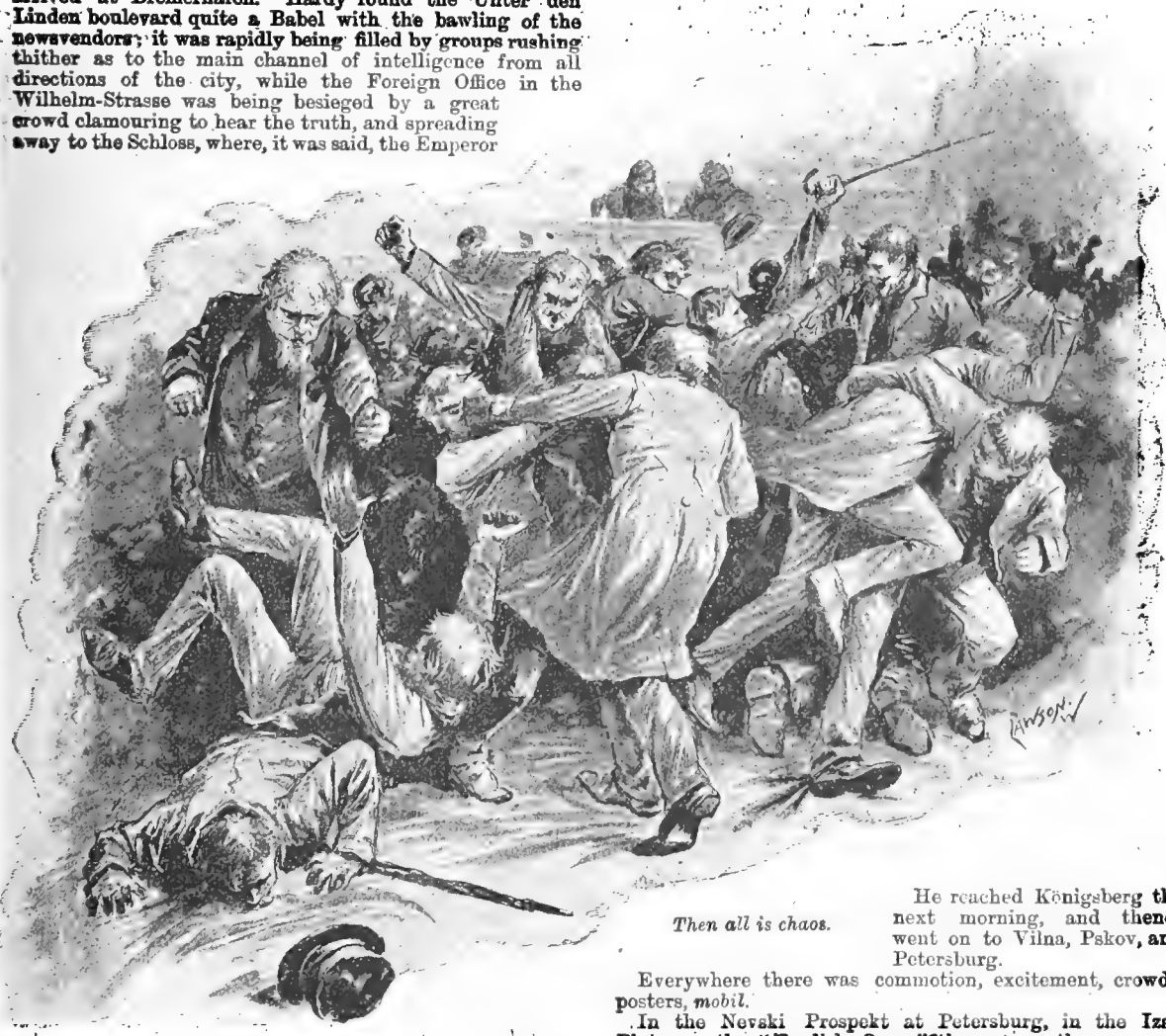
I remain, sir,
Your servant,
John Hardy.

The amount of self-suppression, and of noble patriotism which the writing of this simply-worded, but great, letter

Digitized by Google

implied for the arrogant spirit of John Hardy may be guessed; when it was finished, he flung it with a curl of the lip, and without a word, before the ambassador of Edropol.

The next morning he left Paris, and reached Aix in the evening, whence he proceeded to Berlin. To Berlin the bare news of the disaster had been flashed the day before; but it was not until the next morning that more detailed accounts came from the two ruined battleships, now arrived at Bremerhafen. Hardy found the Unter den Linden boulevard quite a Babel with the bawling of the newsvendors; it was rapidly being filled by groups rushing thither as to the main channel of intelligence from all directions of the city, while the Foreign Office in the Wilhelm-Strasse was being besieged by a great crowd clamouring to hear the truth, and spreading away to the Schloss, where, it was said, the Emperor



Then all is chaos.

was closeted with his Chancellor and his Chief of the Staff. The humour of the crowd was sullen; but it needed only the appearance of Wilhelm, accompanied by the Empress, on the front balcony of the Schloss, to turn discouragement into elation. Wilhelm suddenly drew his sword, and flashed it in the sunlight. Then there was joy. No nation under the sun can cheer like the Germans. Demonstration is their *specialité*. They excel in looking pleased. Their *forte* is to claim the Future with verve and assurance, whether it really belongs to them or not. John Hardy was in the midst of the crowd round the Schloss. He saw the flash of Wilhelm's sword. An hour later he was with the crowd cheering itself hoarse in front of the Austrian Embassy, opposite the old home of M. Benedetti, so closely associated with the outbreak of Germany's '70 war. The Austrian Minister had unexpectedly appeared before the people, who now went wild, a large area of the crowd presently starting to sing old Schneckenburger's "*Wacht. am Rhein.*" John Hardy observed every gesture, and every expression of every face which came within his range of vision, and he said to himself:

"So much for mein Herr, then."

He reached Königsberg th next morning, and thenc went on to Vilna, Pskov, an Petersburg.

Everywhere there was commotion, excitement, crowd posters, *mobil*.

In the Nevski Prospekt at Petersburg, in the Iza Platz, on the "English Quay," there were throngs, pro clamations, and printed heads of the Tsar, and every ope space was gaudy with banners. The town, however, wa fairly quiet, though there were some arrests of Nihilist The Russians were the most English of the Continentals, tended to be so, when once their various races became mor homogeneous. They had the ruralness, and something the stoicism, the Puritanism, and the nimbleness of th British; with this was mixed a certain Orientalism— vermilion streak in the grey of their character.

At his hotel John found an ostler of the Simbir Province, an adventurous and cosmopolitan man, who ha been a sailor trading between Hull and Copenhagen f some years. He understood English. He struck up friendship with John, and told him his history. Joh

Digitized by Google

offered him 500 roubles if he would undertake to deliver a letter by hand in England, setting out at once. And this offer Ivan accepted.

The letter which John wrote was as follows:

My Dear Bobbie,—Here I am in Petersburg, after passing through France and Germany, and just about to set out to get by the Trans-Siberian Railway over all that great continent of Northern Asia to Vladivostock (*sic*) on the other side of the world, and so, please God, to Pekin, and my ship.

Dear Bobbie, this is what I have to tell you, and you can write a letter to the *Times* yourself, so as to let the country know what little I have to say. The French are about to mass four Army Corps in the direction of Havre, and I don't think that for the present we can do much with them there, though later on, when we get our pecker up a bit, I know that ten Frenchmen won't be able to hold out against one Englishman. The German Cock-of-the-walk has telegraphed for the King of Saxony, and Prince Albrect of Prussia, his Field-Marshals, and for Count Waldersee, Chief of the General Staff. Seven of his twenty Army Corps are mobilising, namely, the 1st, or East Prussian; the 17th, or West Prussian; the 12th, Kingdom of Saxony; and the 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th, belonging to Brandenburg, the Province of Prussian Saxony, Posen, and Silesia, respectively. But whether all these are intended to go to help the French, or to defend his own northern coast, or what, I do not know, not knowing much about fighting on *terra firma*.

Well, dear Bobbie, I have seen my full of the people among whom I have been. I saw some splendid fisticuffs in the French House of Commons, and no end of fun; and some very excited people in Germany and Russia. My opinion of the French is, that they are very nice people, the French women especially. But they are *old*, they are no good any more, they have not got any youth and go left in them; you know what they are like, Bobbie? like *pattê (sic) de foie gras*, nice, but tainted. They are over-civilised, like an old Dowager that's not fit for anything, but to make love-matches. France is no good any more, except for ornament, and for tourists to come to. For energy she has got vivacity, and for nerve, vervo—like a frivolous old *beau*. The world has nothing to expect from her. They are wonderfully ahead of us in some things—their lower class especially is far, far ahead of ours in everything—but they do not move, their legs are heavy with age. The future belongs to *us*. At the rate we are going now, we shall soon have all that France has, and a thousand thousand times more, for we shall have youth, and energy, and vastness as well. The Germans are a young nation, and they have all the enthusiasm of a young nation, and they will go ahead perhaps, alright (*sic*). But they have not got anything in reserve, Bobbie. Frothy, enthusiastic and young, too, but not very strong. I think the Russians would make mincemeat of the Germans, just as the Germans would of the poor pretty French. But the Russians are raw, new, and not, I don't think, a nation at all. Not one of them is the chosen race, dear Bobbie, "*the peculiar people*." If you want to find that, I think you had better look nearer home.

Well, no more at present. I shall expect you to take good care of yourself, mind, while I am away, so that I shall find you hale and hearty when I come back, if I ever do. Don't be getting up too early in the mornings, now; and don't forget your bottle of porter regularly every night, as something is wanted at your time of life.

With love to Bobbie, from his son,

John Hardy.

From this letter it will be seen that John Hardy could not only express his ideas clearly, and with point, though in the simplest Saxony, but that he possessed a large tract of brain, capable of taking in the world, and summing it up, and passing judgment upon it, "as one having authority."

The letter reached England three weeks later, and could not escape the keen scent of the pressmen. It was published bodily in all the papers, bad spelling and all, the public gloating joyfully over its wisdom, its humour, and its unaffected simplicity.

All this time John was travelling, partly by train and partly by camel caravan, towards his fate in the capital of China.

(To be continued.)

WHAT IS THE NEXT BOOK WE CAN SEND YOU?

Every week we shall give away half-a-dozen books.

All a competitor has to do is to send us one Book Coupon cut from *The Sunday Reader*, one from the *Athletic Record*, and one from *Short Stories*.

Send these to us in one envelope together with a request for any single book in the whole world of literature.

From the applications we receive we shall each week pick out six and send the books asked for.

All applications to be addressed to "BOOKS," Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Please let me have: S. S.

Book.....

Price.....

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Result of the "Book" Competition for the Week Ending February 19th.

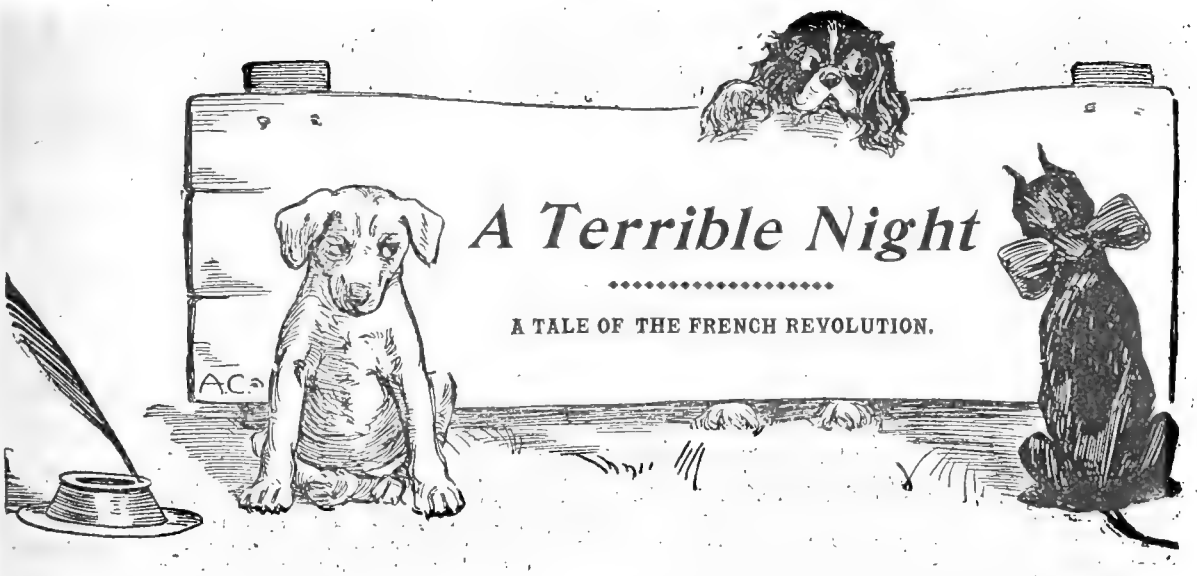
Thos. Wood, 27 Moss Lane, Swinton, Manchester. "Dr. Howard the Philanthropist." 5s. G. E. Mitchell, 333 Raglan Street, Lowestoft. "Vitruvius' Architecture." 5s. E. Peak, c.o. Mrs. Griffith, 3 Bond Street, Swansea. "Flowers of Spring." 7s. 6d. G. Singler, 57 Poplar Walk, Herne Hill, S.E. "Engravings and Value." 15s. J. R. Ibbotson, 18, Portway, West Ham, E. "Vicar of Wakefield." Macmillan and Co. 6s. Mrs. McCourt, 47 High Street, Airdrie, N.B. "John of Strathbourne." 3s. 6d.

DAN LENO'S COMIC JOURNAL.

OUT EVERY TUESDAY.

THE PRICE IS ONE HALFPENNY.

Digitized by Google



A Terrible Night

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

"Mademoiselle, Raynal has returned!"

"Returned! Where is he? Let him come here at once!"

"He is waiting outside, if Mademoiselle pleases."

The speakers were two girls, one, a serving-maid, and on the heels of the latter, a shock-headed man, half forester, half farm-servant, enters.

"Did you see my father?" asked the young lady quickly.

"Yes, Mademoiselle; he rides towards Saverdun, where he is to meet Monsieur André, and they hope to cross the mountains to-morrow."

"Did you meet any of the Jacobins?"

"None. I kept to the woods. But they say there are bands roving all about, swearing that the seigneurs are plotting to bring down the Austrians and the brigands, and destroy everything, and vowing that they will not leave an aristocrat alive."

"Enough! Did my father or—or Monsieur André send no message?"

"M. le Comte bade me say that he committed Mademoiselle to the care of the good God, and Monsieur André sent his most respectful farewell, and he gave me this note—it is not for mademoiselle"—as the girl held out her hand and as quickly withdrew it—"but to take to M. Latreille."

"Very well; hasten then!" said his young mistress, turning away to the fire-place as the servant left the room.

She stood before the fire and mused, staring into it with her hands lightly clasped in front of her, and listening to the howl of the keen February wind as it rushed over the whole tower. She was not much afraid of the Jacobin mobs, although it was the year 1792, when the peasants of Languedoc were mad with panic, fears of the reactionaries and the plots of the dethroned seigneurs. The de Lussacs were only small nobles, very poor, and had been on good terms with their dependents; and the Château de Lussac (an old grange with one tower of the ancient fortress still standing) was out of the way, and little visited. But she had heard enough of the events of the past three years to make her feel anxious and lonely, and she thought that her father, or perhaps her cousin André, might have sent her a further message.

She sighed, walked to the window, and looked out The view was fine; and the window commanded the road for a long way—right away to the pine-wood in the far distance, over which the sun was now setting.

Something was moving on the road just outside the pines. What was it? She stared at it absently, and then looked more attentively. It was a black mass with a few glitters of light here and there; but it would have to come a quarter of a mile nearer before anything would show distinctly; and the level rays of the fast-sinking sun blinded her.

She left the window and called her maid, who came at once.

"Rosine, you have a keen sight. What is that moving on the road near the woods?"

"I cannot tell, Mademoiselle; the sun is so bright." Then, with a scream, "Ah, it is the Jacobins. There is one on horseback. And, see, the sun glitters on their spikes. Quick, Mademoiselle, quick; let us hide in the upper woods. They will kill us both, and burn the château as they burnt La Liassac."

Her mistress turned pale for a moment. Then the slender throat lifted, and the girl's delicate lineaments hardened as all the pride of her fiery ancestry came to her aid.

"You can go if you are afraid, Rosine; I shall not leave the château! My father left it in my charge."

"But, Mademoiselle, we shall be murdered! And only we two here."

"I repeat that I permit you to go," returned her mistress coldly.

"Of course I will not leave, Mademoiselle; but, Holy Virgin, what will come of us?" cried the pretty country girl, wide-eyed with terror.

"Silence, then, and do as I bid you. They will be here presently. Go down and open the great door, and remember, on your life, you know nothing of my father."

A short while after, as Alais de Lussac stood at the head of the steps leading to the tower door, a mob of thirty or forty people surged up to the château, and

Digitized by Google

halted abruptly as it saw the slight figure, quiet, firm, and unmoved, waiting to receive it. They were all on foot—for Rosine's man on horseback had disappeared—some women, most were peasants evidently, with stupid faces, debased further by fear and the cruelty which is bred from fear; but there was a sprinkling of men and boys from the neighbouring small town, and these looked to Alais the more dangerous.

There was a confused outcry from many voices: "Where is Lussac?" "He is a traitor!" "He is intriguing with the Austrians!" "The Royalists are coming from Jales to burn us all in our beds!"

A burly and brutal-looking butcher from the town stepped to the front.

"Silence, all you," he said, "and put guards round the house! Now, pretty one, we will come into that old Bastille of yours, and if you answer all questions no harm shall befall you."

The girl looked at him steadily and coldly, and without a word retreated into the old hall. The rest followed her in, and stood looking about them stupidly, half afraid even now of their daring intrusion into their seigneur's house.

Alais' look seemed to have the effect of infuriating the savage spokesman.

"Here, girl!" he shouted to the shrinking Rosine, "bring us food, we're hungry, and this dainty aristocrat shall dine with a peasant for once."

"It will not be the first time I've eaten with a peasant," said Alais, "as Pierre Leroux there knows," and she pointed to a man who slunked back ashamed, for she had nursed his sick wife.

"Enough clatter!" shouted the butcher. "Now answer me true. Where is the traitor Lussac?"

"My father, M. le Comte de Lussac," said Alais, "is not here; and if I knew where he was I would not tell you."

"It is false; she does know," said a voice behind; "Raynal brought her a letter from her father only an hour since."

"There, little fool," said the butcher, "you are caught, you see. Tell me now, or it will be worse for you."

"I will tell you nothing," said the girl bravely. She was pale as May bloom. She had made up her mind that she would have to die for her father's safety; but she buried her hand in the bosom of her dress, for she meant to die in her own way.

A tumult of cries and savage ejaculations arose, in the midst of which the butcher said:

"See, pretty one, you don't know Michel Lemoine. We shall soon see if you are so obstinate. Here, some of you, go and get a good bunch of withes whilst we strip off that fine gown, and we will see if an aristocrat's back will bear stripes as well as a poor devil of a peasant's."

Alais still stood pale and defiant, and as several rushed forward to seize her, she drew a little stiletto from her breast and said:

"If you touch me, I will kill myself!"

A clatter of horse's hoofs outside, and a man entered hurriedly. The new comer was in the dress of a gentleman, tall, dark, and harsh-featured.

"What is all this?" he said. He listened quietly to a babel of explanations, and then said, "Such sharp measures will not be necessary. Mademoiselle will no doubt listen to reason; I will speak to her alone." And he led the way to an inner room.

"Why alone?" burst out Lemoine. "What is all this plotting for? These Lussacs are all aristocracts. If you let her go I will see that the Commissioners know it."

The butcher's words were taken up by his followers, who seemed now fairly thirsting for the girl's blood. The uncouth weapons they carried were flourished, and a ring of angry faces turned on the stranger.

He faced them and said, still quite quietly:

"I am responsible to the Commissioners, and will answer to them. You see we cannot leave this room without your knowledge."

He let Alais pass into the room and shut the door, and they faced each other,

"Mademoiselle is in great danger," he said. "I have come to save her."

She glanced suspiciously at him.

"I do not know you, monsieur. But as you seem to have influence over these people, send them away."

"I cannot do that. To attempt it would cost both our lives—except under one condition."

"And that condition, I suppose, is that I should betray my father? A worthy proposal, truly, to be made by a gentleman, as I suppose monsieur considers himself. I have already given my answer, monsieur. We had better return to your excellent friends."

"Mademoiselle has not done me the honour to hear me out," he replied with a trace of anger in his voice. "I am no gentleman, but plain Bermond Gourdon, bookseller, of Bourg-Desnay. But I had no thought of imposing such a condition."

"What then?"

He seemed to find a difficulty in replying, or even looking at Alais, who faced him with every faculty at the fullest stretch. At last he spoke:

"Mademoiselle, the only way is for you to consent to marry me. Nay, hear me," as she started back, "it is true I am no gentleman, but I love you—have loved you long—though you have known nothing of me. I am all unworthy of you, yet in some way not so unequal as you believe. I have learnt such things as your associates know."

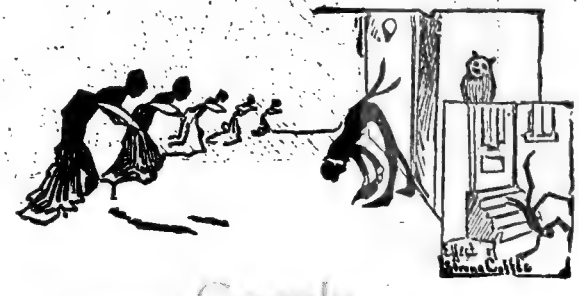
He was actually proceeding in his agitation to a foolish catalogue of his capabilities, but stopped short, and the girl burst in:

"Marry you! Marry you! You must be mad!"

"Mad I am; yet if Mademoiselle would but deign, these distinctions are now done with."

"I, a de Lussac, marry a tradesman, the leader of a Jacobin rabble! Monsieur, my family have known how to die, but not how to endure disgrace."

She gazed wildly about her like a trapped animal, and wrung her hands. Not all the excitement of the past hour had so moved her! The horror of it all was that the man, she could see, meant all he said. His very gesture and look and the working of his dark face



Digitized by Google

showed it. But he recovered himself and stopped her.

"Calm yourself, Mademoiselle. I will urge you no more," he said bitterly. "It was a foolish dream; and yet, if you will believe it, even a tradesman can feel the worst part of his failure to be that he seemed to force what should come of liking. But now what will you do? These people seek your life."

"Let them have it! Call them in, and let them see how little I fear them."

* * * * *

A cry outside in the court.

"To arms! The Royalists! In the woods towards Latrielle! Quick! Quick!"

Then a scurry of feet, a clatter on the road, and all was still. They looked out. The hall was empty and silent, but out of the darkness which had now fallen outside could be heard cries growing fainter and fainter.

"Mademoiselle," said Gourdon, "your safety comes from another hand. You can now escape if you wish, though I think they will not return."

A man cautiously entered. It was Raynal.

"Aha! that was a good idea," he said. "I've sent them on a fine wild-goose chase."

Another footstep at the door, and in rushed Lemoine.

"Have you, you rascal!" he thundered. "And you, my little bookseller! So you were going to let your girl escape! I arrest you—all three!"

He advanced on Gourdon, who stepped back. There was a crack of a pistol, and the butcher fell back with his head blown in pieces.

"Take that carrion away and hide it quickly," said Gourdon to Raynal. "Farewell, Mademoiselle, and forgive me."

Alais seemed not to hear him. She swayed heavily where she stood, and would have fallen to the ground if Gourdon had not caught her. She was in a dead faint. Gourdon laid her down and stood looking at her as Rosine rushed in to her. Then he stopped, lifted her hand and kissed it reverently, and cut a ribbon from her dress.

"Tell her she is safe, and will see me no more," he said, and was gone.

* * * * *

Seven years passed by and Alais had lived on the château a still life, unmoved by all that happened in France. The Monarchy had fallen, the Revolution perished. She had heard that the château had been sold, but no one had disturbed her, and she lived there, for she had nowhere else to go. Of Gourdon she had heard nothing. Then her cousin André returned with the other emigrants, by the permission of Napoleon. He brought her a dying father's message that they should marry, and she became the wife of the man she had always loved.

On the eve of her wedding-day she heard that a sick soldier wished to see her. She went with her husband to a cottage near by, and there, on his death-bed, lay Gourdon. On a chair by the bed was the uniform of a a colonel in the French Army! The dying man's face lighted up.

"You have come," he said. "I knew I should see you once more. I have something to give back. I bought the château when it was sold by the Convention. It is yours again. See!" He fumbled beneath the pillow and produced a paper. "Take it," he said; "take it as a tradesman's gift—even he can give; yes, and fight. See! I earned my rank!" And he pointed to his uniform. A ribbon fell from the papers. He grasped it. "Not that, not that; that I keep." He started up wildly, and fell back dead.

"He was not a bad fellow, *ma mie*," said André to his wife; "and we will forgive his presumption for the sake of his gift. Really, a very proper feeling."

Alais looked at him. Perhaps just then she learnt a lesson—as most of us learn them—too late.

Winifred Scott.

Digitized by Google

There was so much talk about Professor Chesney before he arrived that Larry declared herself sick of the subject. Augusta, having spent several weeks in his company the previous summer at the house of their mutual friend, Mrs. Marston, felt she had a prior right to him. "A primary mortgage on him," Larry said, in her girlish impertinence. Gertrude, who had met him several times, and who was considered very clever, called him a "congenial spirit." Mrs. Austin, knowing his social standing and large income, declared him "a model man, one in a thousand." Mr. Austin pronounced him "an up-and-down good fellow." Even Jim Annsley, their cousin and adopted brother, expressed approbation of him.

Larry was the only one of the family who had not met him, and with her usual perversity made up her mind not to like him. He was learned in mathematics, which only scored against him in her eyes.

"The calculating power alone should seem to be the least of human qualities," she quoted, her small nose in the air. "There is something wrong about a man whom everybody likes. My prophetic soul tells me I shall not take to him, at least."

"Your 'prophetic soul' makes mistakes sometimes," put in Jim wickedly. "I've no doubt you'll succumb to his charms before he has been here a week. But, for sisterly affection's sake, don't interfere; give Augusta a chance."

"Don't alarm yourself!" cried Larry loftily. "I'm not susceptible, and dried-up, fusty old professors don't appeal to me in the slightest. I shall be truly thankful when this wonderful 'Admirable Crichton' has been and gone. I'm positively sick of the sound of his name."

"Professor Chesney is certainly a wonderful man," began Jim sententiously; but Larry at once pounced on him and he was ignominiously put to flight.

The Wednesday the professor was expected, Larry went for a long walk; she met Ned Erskine and Harry Winthrop, two young artists with whom she was good friends, and enjoyed herself very much, getting in barely in time to dress for dinner. They were all assembled round the table when she slipped into her place, and there was a reproof in her mother's voice as she said:

"My third daughter, Larinda, Professor Chesney."

If there was anything that her "third daughter" hated, it was being addressed by her baptismal name. With a mutinous pout of her red under lip, she bowed hastily, and it was not until she had disposed of her soup that she looked at her opposite neighbour. A tall, thin man with brown hair and a short brown beard and moustache thickly streaked with grey, a large, dome-like forehead, and near-sighted grey eyes that looked kindly at her through his spectacles.

He was a little surprised at the hostile expression in the brilliant brown eyes, which surprise deepened into astonishment when, in answer to a low-voiced remark from Jim, the young lady replied, also in a low voice, but so distinctly that he heard every word:

"I think he is an old fossil!"

Notwithstanding this, several times during the meal his eyes strayed to the white-robed figure, the bent, shining brown head, and once, in the midst of a remark from Augusta, he turned quickly to listen to a peal of merry laughter from Larry.

Several of her friends came in during the evening, and she devoted herself to their entertainment, completely ignoring the Professor. When she had kept up this behaviour for nearly a week, it attracted the attention of her family as well as that of the visitor, and when gentle hints were scorned, Larry was severely reprimanded.

"You are positively unladylike!" said Mrs. Austin; "and I insist on, at least, civility. He must think you an ill-mannered child."

"I dare say I do seem a child to his advanced years," saucily answered Larry.

"But what is your objection to him?" asked her mother. "To me he appears a most kindly, estimable gentleman——"

"Ugh!" cried her spoilt daughter with a gesture of deep disgust. "If there is one thing that I despise more

Digitized by Google

than another, it is that word 'estimable,' as applied to people. Call them good, bad, weak, strong, brave, cowardly—anything but 'estimable.'"

"You are exceedingly impertinent!" answered Mrs. Austin, who was now very angry. "I insist on your being polite to Professor Chesney, and doing your share towards entertaining him, or I shall certainly complain of you to your father. Leave the room, miss."

A little ashamed and wholly angry, Larry whisked out of the room, almost into the Professor's arms, with such force as to rather stagger him. With a hasty "Excuse me," she sped along the corridor and up the stairs, while the "estimable gentleman" stood and looked after her.

"An old fossil!" he murmured, with a faint smile, stroking his beard.

Shortly after this, to the surprise of all, Larry suddenly changed her tactics, and at dinner one day addressed the Professor. He answered courteously, and very readily joined in an argument between herself and Jim. Her remarks were bright and amusing, if somewhat crude, and the brown eyes and changeful face were very attractive. In the evening she played and sang for him, and was as sweet and bewitching as the heart of man could desire, much to the surprise of some, and the annoyance of others, of her family.

"She means mischief!" thought Jim uneasily. "Are you beginning to succumb to the Professor's charms?" he whispered. "You know I gave you a week."

"I am thinking of getting up a collection of fossils," she answered, with a mocking laugh, "and this is too fine a specimen to lose. Don't you dare interfere."

"Poor wretch!" rejoined Jim. "He has my sympathy."

Unable to account for the change in Larry's manner, the Professor, nevertheless, found her very agreeable; and, though never neglecting anyone else, it soon became evident that she was the attraction. The other two reluctantly gave way to her, and she it was who went with him to picture galleries and lectures and concerts, who was the life of theatre and opera parties, saucy, wilful, charming.

With all his gravity and erudition, it was plain that he admired this ill-regulated young woman. He had never before been thrown closely into companionship with such a nature; he admired her beauty, her dainty costumes; even her girlish extravagance of speech and saucy disregard of his opinion pleased him better than Augusta's unvarying politeness, or Gertrude's cleverness. His eyes followed her every movement, a wistful light in them sometimes that touched Jim.

"He's in for a severe attack, I'm afraid," he thought. "Bad taste to take late in life," and went off whistling:

> Two bright eyes 'neath a scarlet hood,
> One beguiling, and one beguiled.

* * * * *

Larry was curled up in a deep window-sill overlooking the park, basking in the sun, for she was a veritable Persian in her love of sunlight, when Professor Chesney came into the room. He leant against the side of the window, looking at the picture she made in her quaint puffed and furbelowed gown, the sunlight falling on her brown head.

Larry looked up, nodded with a smile that showed her small white teeth, and settled back into her original position, waiting for him to speak; and so he did, after a while, but not as she expected.

"I am going away to-morrow, Miss Larry," he said. "My pleasant visit has come to an end all too soon."

"To-morrow?" echoed the girl, sitting up straight. "I am very sorry you are going." And much to her surprise, she realised that the remark was perfectly sincere.

"I am glad to hear you say that," said the Professor, trying to keep his voice steady. "It makes it a little easier to say something that is in my heart."

Then he told his story in warm, eager words, very unlike his usual calm ones—words that stirred Larry strangely. There was a queer expression on her pale face as she stood before him.

"Professor Chesney," she said with quivering lips, "I am not worth the love you have offered me. You'll realise that when I tell you I have only been pleasant and civil to you all these weeks, not from any liking of you, but to plague the others."

Thoroughly ashamed she bent her head, unable to meet his eyes.

"You mean that you have deliberately played a part all these weeks? You, whom I thought so frank and true? How could you do it? Then you've not the slightest love for me in your heart—that, I suppose, is out of the question?"

There was a hurt, shocked tone in his voice that touched Larry keenly.

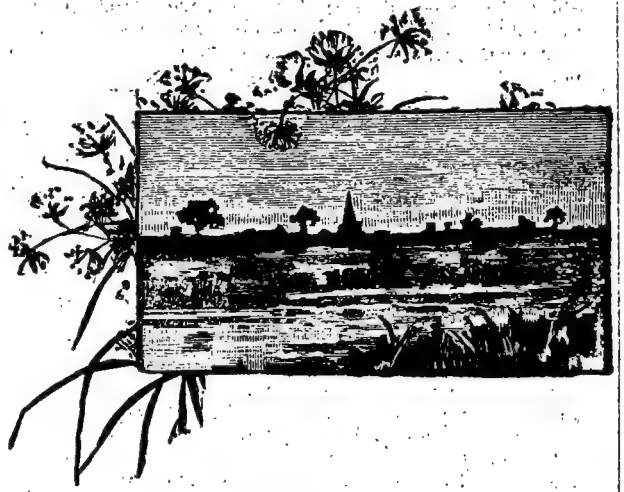
"I don't love you," she answered, "but I shall be very grateful, if, after what I have told you, you will let me be your friend."

She put out her hands and moved a step nearer to him, but, to her mortification, her extended hands remained untouched.

"I did not ask for your friendship," he said unsteadily, "and just at present I want only what I ask for. By-and-bye I may be able to appreciate your offer; I shall try, but you've taught me a hard lesson, Larry, one I'm not likely to forget. Perhaps I ought to have known better, but," with a break in his voice, "I'm not used to women—I'm only an old fossil, after all." And without another word he left her.

Up in her room Larry was still more surprised to find a fit of crying necessary. She could not account for the unhappy feeling that took possession of her as she reviewed the past weeks and realised that the kindly, pleasant companionship she had accepted so heedlessly was at an end.

"I suppose he'll hate me now and for ever," she



Digitized by Google

thought, between her sobs. "But how could I say I loved him when I didn't?"

"Mistress Mary, quite contrary," mocked a parrot in the next room.

"He was so hurt. I wonder if he'll ever forgive me?"

"Contrary, quite contrary," shrieked the parrot, with such force that it sounded positively personal to conscience-stricken Larry.

"Fiendish bird!" she cried, "I wish some boy would wring its neck."

Then she sobbed all the harder.

The Professor left the next afternoon, while Larry was out. A box of white roses lay on the table addressed to her, a card attached, on which was written: "From your friend Roger Chesney;" that was all, but she guessed dimly what an effort it cost to write it. With trembling fingers she made three parts of the flowers, and gave them to her mother and sisters.

"I don't want them," she said proudly in answer to her mother's remonstrance. "I was only civil to him to please you all."

Jim noticed that the brilliant eyes were full of tears, and that she took the card away with her.

"It must be a relief to you to have him gone," he said as they stood for a moment in the hall. "Association with such a serious man must have been a trial to you."

He was unprepared for the way she flamed out at him.

"Such a trial as makes me more willing to accept the statement that man is made after God's own image, and possesses some godlike attributes. Now go!"

And he did, a lurking smile under his moustache and a most emphatic "By Jove!" upon his lips.

* * * * *

One bright morning early in June, Jim opened the door of Mrs. Austin's sitting-room. Larry was there alone. She had an industrious fit on her, and with the sleeves of her blue morning dress turned back, displaying two prettily-rounded arms, feather duster in hand, she was whisking the dust off some rare old pieces of china.

"Larry, here is an old friend of yours," Jim announced. "Treat him well, for he sails for the Cape to-morrow, never to return. I'll be back in a minute."

He vanished; and there inside the closed door stood Professor Chesney—thinner, greyer, but with the old kindly smile on his lips that she remembered so well. Startled out of her self-possession, Larry stood with her duster suspended over grandma's hundred-year-old teapot.

"I sail for the Cape to-morrow," said the Professor, taking a few steps into the room, "and I may never return. Won't you wish me God-speed, Larry?"

Crash went grandma's priceless teapot in a dozen pieces on the polished floor, and the next thing Larry knew she was crying.

The Professor approached her.

"Are you crying because I am going away, or because you have broken the teapot?" asked the visitor.

"Both!" cried Larry, with a convulsive sob which was smothered in the folds of the Professor's coat, as the arms of that "estimable" gentleman closed round her.

"How about your prophetic soul, Larry?" Jim asked later on. "I thought you called him a fossil?"

"So I did," answered the young lady quite unabashed. "But I also said I was getting up a collection of fossils, and recognised the fact that he was too fine a specimen to lose. Don't you remember?"

H. P. T.

SHALL WE MAKE A MINIATURE FOR YOU?

With the enterprise born of repeated success, *Pearson's Weekly* makes an extraordinary offer to the whole of its readers for a limited time only. We will send a beautiful little miniature (about 2¼-inches by 1⅞-inches) in exquisite colouring, and completely framed in a dainty gold-plated oval frame, of any single portrait readers like to forward.

All you have to do is to send your photograph, together with the coupon, and seven shillings and sixpence. The miniatures may be also had in chased gold ornamental frames, the total cost being 10s. 6d.

Of course, the better the photograph you send, the better will be the reproduction.

Write your name and address on the back of the photograph, and mark your envelope "Miniature."

Specimens of the Miniatures can be seen at:

Manchester—Messrs. Abel Heywood, Oldham Street; and Mr. John Heywood, Deansgate.
Liverpool—F. A. Latarche, 63, Lime Street; and M. Partington, 9, Renshaw Street.
Edinburgh—H. Robinson, 111 and 115, Leith Street; and David Crawford, 75, South Clerk Street.
Glasgow—W. Love, 221, Argyle Street; and Mr. Barr, 88, Sauchiehall St.
Dundee—Mrs. Littlejohn, The Pillars.
Bradford—W. H. Clough, 28, Forster Square.
Bristol—T. Thatcher, 44, College Green.
Newcastle—Messrs. R. J. Porteus and Co., 19, Grainger Street West.
Leeds—Mr. H. Walker, 37, Briggate, Leeds.
West Bromwich—H. N. Ellison, 3 and 3a, Bull Street.
Cardiff—W. White, 1a, Severn Road, Canton.
London—*Pearson's Weekly* Offices.

Name.....
Address.....
.....
Colour of eyes.....
„ „ *hair*.....
Complexion.....
Description of dress.....
.....

£ s. d.

Please send..... @ 7s. 6d.
„ „ ..... @ 10s. 6d.

Amount of Postal Orders inclosed... £ s. d.

LOVE STORIES.

The Companion paper to Short Stories. Costs one Halfpenny.

Each number consists of a complete illustrated novel, besides information on Love, Courtship, and Marriage by the Countess M.

Digitized by Google

When old John Menard died, people came far and wide to look at the low, long building—a modern roof built on a battered stone edifice of the sixteenth century. A more modern blacksmith's shop had been built on at one end whose doors had long been closed. A solitary pine tree, half dead and beaten by a century of storms, lifted its black crest close by, and a waterfall, hidden in evergreen woods, came muttering slowly over the rocks in the rear. People talked in whispers about there being a ghost on the premises. Doctors shook their heads and said that the bad drainage was enough to make a churchyard full of the sheeted and shrouded gentry. Artists on the staff of illustrated newspapers came there to sketch the ruined buildings as the oldest in the country, and burglars slyly ransacked the place at due intervals—as old John had the name of being an ideal miser, who hid bags of money up the chimney and kept boxes of gold coins under the flooring of the unused rooms—always, however, without any satisfactory result. And old John sitting like a withered mummy in the sunshine, on a certain old bench which he much affected, grinned and chuckled when people asked him why he didn't keep a watch-dog or take another family into the house to protect him.

"Good gracious!" said the old miser. "What do I want of a dog to eat me out of house and home? And as for a family—well I fancy there're fools enough in the house a'ready since Mary Jane fell in love with Bill Jones, the cooper's son. Let the ghosts go ghosterin' round. They don't hurt me. And as for burglars, dear heart, if they knew how little there was to steal, they'd be a-spendin' their time to better advantage somewhere else."

Bill Jones, a strapping young giant, with a yellow, curly head and simple blue eyes, was regarded as a brave man when he went to ask old John Menard for his granddaughter's hand in marriage. The old miser regarded him with scornful eyes, and worked his toothless jaws about after a most appalling fashion.

"Eh?" said John. "My Mary Jane? What is it you're sayin' about 'er?"

"I love her, sir," repeated Bill, "and she loves me."

"Pshaw!" cried Mr. Menard.

"And I want to marry her," protested Bill Jones, sticking gallantly to his post.

"Well, you can't!" snarled Menard; "and there's an end of the matter."

"I can support her," said Bill Jones. "The cooperin' business is lookin' up and——"

"That don't make no difference," said the old man. "My gal don't marry anyone but a blacksmith. The old shop has got to be opened again, the business has got to go on."

Bill Jones stared. Then it was true, as the neighbours said, that John Menard was wont at times to light the forge fires at midnight and work away on rusty old nails and bars of long-used iron, especially on stormy nights, when sleep fled from his pillow.

"Don't you think, sir," he ventured, "that the cooperin'——"

"I don't know nothin' about the cooperin' and I don't care nothin' about it," said John steadfastly. "But this I do know: the man who marries my girl has got to be a blacksmith."

"Then," said Bill Jones, clenching his Herculean fists, "I'll be a blacksmith!"

He meant it. He apprenticed himself the next day to a sturdy son of Vulcan, whose forge roared in red volleys of flame up the chimney of a neighbouring shed, and never rested until he had qualified himself to shoe any horse in the county.

"I wouldn't do that for any girl," said Harvey Martin, Farmer Martin's nephew.

"Ah," said Bill Jones; "but you don't know how I love that girl! I have loved her ever since I met her comin' down Rabbit Hill that snowy afternoon with a horse-shoe in her hand. 'Grandfather says it's bad luck to pass a horse-shoe,' says she, laughin', when I made bold to ask her what on earth she was a-goin' to do with it; 'so I always bring 'em home. Grandfather has got a pile of 'em in the old shed behind the forge.' She had such a pretty way with her, don't you see; and her cheeks were that pink, and her eyes that black, as you couldn't think of nothin' but a doll. A blacksmith indeed! If the old man had bid me be a rope-dancer, I'd ha'e gone to work, practisin' with a will!"

Old John smiled grimly when he saw Bill Jones handle the red hot iron in the old forge, and viewed a set of horse shoes that his mighty hand had hammered out.

"It ain't bad work," said he. "You'll be a blacksmith, boy, if you keep on. Yes, you may marry Mary Jane if you like—*now!*"

Mr. and Mrs. William Jones's wedding trip was only to the nearest town to buy a carpet for the best room,

Digitized by Google

and a set of blue edged crockery to start housekeeping with.

"It's sheer extravagance!" growled old John. "Clean scoured boards is good enough for anyone, and there was enough old cups and plates about the place, though a trifle cracked and chipped. But it ain't my money they're going to spend, and I'spose Bill Jones has a right to do as he pleases with his own."

But when the young couple returned, on a sunshiny October afternoon, old John sat out on his bench, his head bowed over the staff, which he clenched in both hands—dead!

There was no sign of violence, no trace of mortal agony on face or form. Had he fallen asleep he could not have looked more peaceful and calm, and Bill and Mary Jane both agreed that it was better so.

"He was peculiar, I know," said Mary Jane, bursting into tears; "but he was always good to me. Oh, poor grandfather!"

Then it was that the mob of sightseers, newspaper artists, curiosity hunters, inquisitive neighbours, and the innumerable army of people who have nothing else to do, beseiged the old place, going into ecstasies over broken spinning-wheels, three-cornered cupboards, brass fire-dogs, and canopy-topped bedsteads. And Mr. Griscombe, the lawyer, arrived and unlocked the old desk, which was propped up with a brick on one side, and had had all the panes of the glass front broken out at different times by enterprising burglars.

"No papers," said he; "no will on file here. I didn't suppose there would be. Mr. Menard deposited his last will and testament with me, ten years ago. It's very simple. It leaves everything—including, by name, the stock and fixtures of the blacksmith's shop and the collection of horseshoes which from time to time the deceased had accumulated for luck's sake—to his granddaughter, Mary Jane Menard. Now," he explained, "Mrs. William Jones, I'll read it to you."

"But," cried the neighbours, "where is the fortune? What has become of the old miser's money?"

"There is no mention made of money," said Mr. Griscombe dryly, "nor of fortunes."

The neighbours were greatly disappointed. Not so Bill Jones and his blooming wife.

"Polly is a fortune in herself," said Bill complacently.

"And I am sure no amount of money could make me happier than I am now," said cheerful Mary Jane.

And so Bill flung open the doors of the musty old blacksmith shop, lighted a huge fire, and put on his leather apron and sleeves, while Mary Jane took her needlework and sat out on the bench, where grandfather Menard had died, and sang softly to herself like a little human thrush.

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Bill Jones, "what I'm going to do with all this heap of old horseshoes."

"It was for luck, you know," apologised Mary Jane.

"Grandfather never could pass a horseshoe without picking it up and bringing it home, and somehow he got me in the same habit. Some of these are very good, I think."

"And some of 'em ain't!" observed Bill, shrugging his broad shoulders. "However, I'll just give 'em all an overhauling and see what they do amount to. It's my opinion they'll most of 'em fetch just a halfpenny a pound for old iron."

"Well," said Mary Jane, with a sigh, "I suppose it's of no use keeping them."

"Hallo!" shouted Bill. "These down at the bottom are of a mortal queer colour! Eh? Iron? Not these ain't—not if I'm a judge of metal! Polly, these are *gold!*"

"What!" cried Polly.

"Solid gold!" said Bill Jones. "Tarnished and discoloured, and nigh the colour of the old horseshoes themselves, but solid gold! Polly, Polly, my girl, we've found the old man's fortune at last! No wonder the burglars never robbed him of it, for, as true as you live, he's beaten it into horseshoes!"

"It can't be possible!" cried Polly, who, dropping the blue gingham apron that she was making, had hurried to the spot.

"But it is!" said Bill Jones triumphantly. "Don't you know gold when you see it, Polly? Just look *here!*"

It was true. John Menard, full of whim and caprice, had taken his own measure for preserving his own property; and all the clue which he had chosen to furnish as to the whereabouts of his not inconsiderable savings was the decree that his granddaughter should marry no one but a blacksmith.

And now the rush of sightseers, correspondents, and curious neighbours became greater than ever. And they have been ransacking the old place, ever since Mr. and Mrs. Bill Jones removed into more modern and commodious quarters, for hidden treasures, but in vain.

And Bill has nailed one of the best of horseshoes—an iron one, not a gold one—over the front door of his new house.

"For luck's sake!" he said.

And Mary Jane whispered also:

"For luck's sake!"

PAN.

DON'T MISS THIS NUMBER

OF

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE

NOW ON SALE.

PRICE SIXPENCE. PRICE SIXPENCE.

SOME OF THE CONTENTS:

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK. (Illustrated.) Amongst the many charming pictures which are reproduced this month are splendid examples of the work of Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A., as well as a most amusing picture by M. Pirez, and many others equally as interesting and as beautiful.

MOUNTAINEERING IN ENGLAND. (Illustrated with Photographs.) By Austin Fryers. The striking photographs which illustrate this article show that it is quite unnecessary to go to Switzerland to break one's neck in mountaineering. The climbing that can be obtained at home is as perilous and as excellent a test for the nerves as the most courageous and hardy mountaineer could desire.

THE WEALTH OF THE WORLD. Written and illustrated by J. Holt Schooling. Here we have presented to us in picturesque form some most interesting facts about the distribution of the wealth of the world.

CHANGING SILVER INTO GOLD. (Illustrated with Photographs.) By Herbert C. Fyfe. This article gives full information about the remarkable discovery which has recently been made by Dr. Emmens.

THE DEVIL'S PICTURE-BOOKS. (Illustrated with Examples.) By J. H. Keumis. Under this title are reproduced a most interesting series of the playing-cards used in different parts of the world.

HOW THE HANDS ARE HELD. (Illustrated with Photographs.) By E. Le Breton-Martin. The author of this article has obtained a very striking series of photographs of the most curious attitudes for carrying the hands, which have come under his observation.

THE PERSONAL INTERESTS OF MR. GLADSTONE. (Illustrated with Photographs.) By W. Arthur Woodward. This is the most complete account that has ever been published of Mr. Gladstone's recreations throughout his long and varied career.

ANIMAL ACROBATS. (Illustrated by H. Piffard.) By J. Malcolm Fraser. In this article a description is given of some of the very clever tricks which dogs and cats have been trained to perform, and illustrations are given of some of the most difficult feats.

AND HALF-A-DOZEN COMPLETE STORIES.

Digitized by Google

SHOULD STOUT PERSONS STARVE THEMSELVES?

We are afraid that semi-starvation as a cure for corpulency prevails very much to a dangerous degree. Mr. Archer, the late well-known prominent jockey, was in the habit of going without food for a long stretch in order that he could ride a certain horse at its weight, and there is not much doubt that the debility resulting from this habit of abstemiousness was certainly not conducive to combating the dire attack of fever which was perhaps indirectly responsible for the untimely end in the zenith of his fame, of this unfortunate but accomplished horseman. Even Mary Jane in the kitchen will eat sparingly of the food allowed her, while she will seek to reduce her fat by copious draughts from the vinegar cruet, and succeeds only in injuring the coats of her stomach—the forerunner of dyspeptic trouble which will be difficult to overcome. The Continental medicos seem to advocate this great reduction of ordinary foods, but one of these savants suggests that the stout person should eat considerably of fatty meats, in order that the appetite be appeased, and consequently less food required, so that practically this is indirectly advocating semi-starvation. On the other hand, Mr. Russell, the British specialist, takes a different course. He says: "Eat as much as you like," and as it is an acknowledged fact that under his treatment persons lose from 2lb. to 12lb. per week, it beyond doubt stands out pre-eminent against those so-called starvation cures "made in Germany." Some claim that Mr. Russell has to insist upon his patients drinking hot water every morning; but, on the contrary, he avers that it is dangerous to do so, and has, of course, never advised it. No; the success of Mr. Russell's treatment is incomparably beyond other specialists, for he resorts to no stringent dietary, and simply prescribes a harmless vegetable tonic combination, which is the outcome of years of study and botanical research. We advise all those interested in this question to get this book, the price of which is only threepence. It is entitled "Corpulency, and the Cure" (256 pages), and is published by him at Woburn House, Store Street, London, W.C. It can be had direct.—*Ilfracombe Observer.*

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS IN THE TREATMENT OF OBESITY.

"Our corpulent readers will be glad to learn how to positively lose two stone in about a month with the greatest possible benefit in health, strength, and muscle by a comparatively new system. It is a singular paradox that the patient, returning quickly to a healthy state, with increased activity of brain, digestive, and other organs, naturally requires more food than hitherto; yet, notwithstanding this, he absolutely loses in weight one to two pounds daily, as the weighing-machine will prove. Thus there is no suggestion of starvation. It is an absolute success, and the author, who has devoted years of study to the subject, absolutely guarantees a noticeable reduction within twenty-four hours of commencing the treatment. This is different with other diseases, for the patient in some cases may go for weeks without being able to test whether the physician has rightly treated him, and may have derived no real or apparent improvement in health. Here, we repeat, the author guarantees it in twenty-four hours, the scale to be the unerring judge. The treatment aims at the actual root of the disease, so that the superfluous fat does not return when discontinuing the treatment. It is perfectly harmless. We advise our readers to call the attention of stout friends to this, because, sincerely, we think they ought to know. For their information, we may say that, on sending three penny stamps, a book entitled 'Corpulency, and the Cure' (256 pages), containing a reprint of Press notices from some hundreds of Medical and other journals (British and Foreign), and other interesting particulars, including the 'recipe,' can be had from a Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C."—Extract from *The Belfast News Letter.*

Digitized by Google

MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THIS PAGE.

W. M. wishes to know whether wooden shoes are worn by any considerable number of people in Europe.———It is estimated that there are no fewer than 70,000,000 Europeans who wear wooden shoes. Bass wood is ordinarily employed for *sabots*, but willow is the best material. Poplar, beech, walnut, and birch are also used.

Lucy is an advanced young lady. She thinks she can make a mark in journalism, and proposes to go to Japan; as that country is advancing by leaps and bounds, an enterprising journalist ought to startan up-to-date paper and make money quickly. ———I am afraid there is no chance for you in Japan, Lucy. Some time ago a law was promulgated prohibiting women from becoming publishers or editors, as "the discharge of such work by females is neither becoming or desirable." Better stay at home.

L. G.—Neither Darwin nor any other responsible naturalist ever said that "men were descended from monkeys." He merely pointed out that it was probable that man and monkey might be descended from the same ancestral stock, which is quite a different thing to saying that one is descended from the other.

C. G. complains that the old saying about not being able to get a quart into a pint pot is inaccurate. "It implies that you cannot get more than a pint into a pint pot. Why not, seeing that water is compressible?"———Water is compressible theoretically, but practically it is not. If you subject water to an additional pressure of one atmosphere, it is compressed about one twenty-thousandth part of its bulk. Let the old saying alone, C. G., it is sufficiently accurate for ordinary mortals.

Henry writes thus: "My namesake, King Henry I., is said to have had an arm measuring thirty-six inches, hence the length of the present yard. I am curious to know whether this is also the origin of the 'yard-arm'!"———Henry, editing this paper is a serious business. You should try the *Big Budget*.

S. S. wants to know who St. Valentine was.———He was a Christian martyr, put into chains by Claudius XI. for having assisted the martyrs during that Emperor's persecution of the Christians. The custom of sending love tokens on February 14th is of Pagan origin, and it is supposed that in early times the Christian pastors attempted to give to the ceremony a religious character by using the names of certain saints, and by fixing the feast on St. Valentine's Day.

J. J.—The Income tax was at its highest during the Crimean War. From 1854 to 1855, on incomes of £100 and upwards, it amounted to 1s. 2d. in the £, but in the course of the next few years it dropped to 5d. It fell to its lowest point in 1874 to 1876 when it was only 2d. Since then it has been steadily on the increase.

A. L.—Japan is a corruption of the Chinese word Shipen-Kue, which means "Root of Day," or "Sunrise Kingdom," because Japan is directly east of China.

M. A. writes: "Is it true that you can frighten a lobster to pieces? I was told so, but although I have tried it on several lobsters, the trick won't work."———It is only partly true, M. A. The lobster, like its brothers, the crawfish and the crab, is peculiarly sensitive to loud noises, and it is a fact that a loud clap of thunder will cause him to drop his large claws in order that he may scurry over the ground, and get out of danger the more quickly. The loss of his claws inconveniences him for a short time only; he is blessed with the faculty of growing others.

D. K. when in his teens, had one great ambition; he wanted to be a "six-footer," as he terms it. But Nature was against him, and he has had to be contented with five feet eight inches. He now tries to console himself with the reflection that had he been over six feet, he would have been conspicuous.———To some extent yes. Only one person in two hundred is over six feet in height.

H. M.—When writing to a Frenchman, always put the Monsieur in full; it is bad taste to contract it to M.

D. S. L.—Skating had its origin in Holland hundreds of years ago. This sport had its bone age before its iron or steel one. In the thirteenth century, young men used to fasten the leg-bones of animals under their feet by means of thongs, and slide along the ice, pushing themselves by means of an iron-shod pole.

H. S. wants to know what proportion of the tea consumed in this country comes from China.———Barely one-tenth is supplied by the Celestial Empire, and it is probable that even this comparatively small portion will dwindle almost to nothing by the end of the present century.

Country Cousin has come up to town to see the "sights," and being a very demure young lady, she is anxious to know whether it would be considered "proper" for her to ride about in a hansom alone.———Several years ago such an action would have been thought extremely unladylike, but that idea has long since been exploded, and if you care to see London in a hansom, you may certainly do so without being guilty of any impropriety.

B. D. H.—Railway trains are a great deal heavier than you think. One of average size with the engine would weigh two hundred and forty tons. The engine alone often weighs as much as eighty tons.

G.—Perhaps the most singular thing that ever got into Chancery was a cheese. It was made by a number of Somersetshire farmers, and intended for the christening of the Princess Royal. Being of huge proportions it was made for some time before the event was to come off, but, unfortunately, in the meantime the joint owners fell out, and one party applied to the Court of Chancery for an injunction to restrain the other party from exhibiting the cheese. The injuction was granted, and the cheese came under the control of the Court until the owners were reconciled.

Stanley writes to say that judging from the old oil paintings of people a hundred years or more ago, to be seen in the National Gallery and elsewhere, he considers that, as a nation, we must be growing decidedly handsomer, for the majority of the afore-mentioned pictures he considers are "awful frights."———You have probably not made any allowance for the effects of dress, and for the very different style of wearing the hair that were in vogue in the old days. Then again, each age differs in its opinion as to what is beautiful, as indeed almost every nation does, and could the originals of the old pictures to which you refer once more visit the earth, they would probably think what "awful frights" the present inhabitants are.

G. P.—It is estimated that at present the English language is spoken by about 115,000,000 people.

G. H.—Probably the queerest form of language is that employed by the natives of the Cameroons, by means of which they are enabled to send messages quickly from one village to another. It is what may be called the "drum" language. A peculiarly shaped drum is used, the surface of the head being divided into unequal parts. In this way the instrument is made to yield two distinctive notes. By varying the intervals between the notes, a complete code of signals for every syllable in the language is produced.

POSTAL RATES.

Short Stories will be sent direct from these offices, post free, to any country within the Postal Union, at the following rates, prepaid:

One Year	6s. 6d.
Half Year	3s. 3d.
Three Months	1s. 8d.

Printed and Published by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., at Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Digitized by Google

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR ALL

BILIOUS & NERVOUS DISORDERS,

SUCH AS

Sick Headache, Constipation,
Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion,
Disordered Liver & Female Ailments.

SALE NOW OVER SIX MILLIONS YEARLY.

In Boxes, 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions.

Prepared only by the Proprietor,

THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire.

Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers everywhere.

MAKE FRUIT WINES AT HOME.
Ask for MASON'S.

MAKERS OF MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS. THE VERY BEST.

MASON'S GINGER WINE ESSENCE.
A Sixpenny Bottle will, in six minutes, make sixty glasses of Delicious, Non-Alcoholic Wine.
Agents Wanted.
NEWBALL & MASON, NOTTINGHAM.

MASON'S (NOTTINGHAM) COFFEE ESSENCE (THE BEST MADE)

MASON'S WINE ESSENCES
are made in all Fruit Flavours, Ginger Lemon, Orange, Blackberry etc.
YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED.

MAKERS OF MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

PALATABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR COD LIVER OIL.

DEVONSHIRE CREAM
(REALLY GENUINE).

In Patent Air-tight Tins. ¼lb., 10d.; ½lb., 1s. 4d.; 1lb., 2s. 4d.; including tin and postage.

MRS. CONYERS,
MORCHARD BISHOP, DEVON

WADE'S
WONDERFUL OFFER
A SOLID SILVER WATCH GIVEN AWAY.
SEND NO MONEY.

In order to introduce my name into every household in the Kingdom, I undertake and guarantee to give away one of my "World-Famed £2 Silver Watches," last price, Ladies' or Gentlemen's, to every reader who sends me the correct reading of the Rebus printed below. I am preparing to send out immediately 2,000 of these watches. This is a perfectly genuine competition, and the only thing you have to do is carry out the conditions, and if you succeed in guessing correctly you have the advantage of our truly wonderful offer.

These pictures represent three well-known English Wild Flowers. The conditions of the Competition are that you find out what these flowers are, and if you are correct you undertake to purchase one of my inexpensive Solid Silver Chains. These chains are the best made, are marvellous value. Money returned if dissatisfied. Send at once, enclosing stamped and addressed envelope, so that I may inform you if correct.

W. W. WADE,
WATCH MANUFACTURER.
Dept. 35. GOLD EXCHANGE,
Hammersmith, London, W.

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR CATALOGUE OF CHEAP CROCKERY? If not, please get a post-card, and send it to THE

PEARSON POTTERY COMPANY, HANLEY,

and you will get it by return, together with particulars of the most wonderful package of crockery the world has ever seen.

100 PIECES
For £1 1s.

A Dinner Service of 50 pieces is included, which is guaranteed to be worth the guinea alone, and a China Tea Service of 28 pieces finished in gold, together with a lot of useful kitchen crockery.

This is the pattern of the DINNER SERVICE

Thousands Sold all over the World.

Post-Cards and Letters to be addressed to the

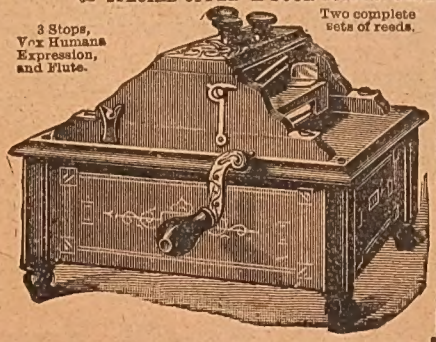
PEARSON POTTERY CO., HANLEY, STAFFS.

DIRECT FROM THE PATENTEE & SOLE MANUFACTURER TO THE CUSTOMER AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

THE WONDERFUL ORCHESTRAL ORGANETTE.

☞ SPECIAL OFFER—A FOUR-GUINEA ORGANETTE FOR 35/-

3 STOPS



The very ACME OF MUSICAL INVENTION, an instrument with as much variety of tone as a £25 organ. Every Orchestral Organette has 28 FULL-SIZE AMERICAN ORGAN REEDS, controlled by THREE STOPS, viz.: Flute, Expression, and Vox Humana, furnishing the GRANDEST ORCHESTRAL EFFECTS. THE RANGE OF MUSIC AND TONE IS PRACTICALLY UNLIMITED. For HOME ENTERTAINMENTS THEY ARE UNSURPASSED. We REFUND THE MONEY AND PAY CARRIAGE to anyone not entirely satisfied after receiving it. Any tune can be played with artistic effect by anyone, young or old. We will give a selection of MUSIC FREE with each instrument. Send money by Registered Letter, Crossed Cheque, or Money Order. For 2s. extra, the Organette will be sent carriage paid. J. M. DRAPER, Organette Works, BLACKBURN.

EASY PAYMENTS.—We have decided to sell a limited number on following easy payments—10s. deposit and 5s. monthly. Price 40s. Full particulars on application.

By Royal Letters Patent. A mere child can play it.
Size: 14½in. long, 13½in. wide, 9½in. high, weight 8lb.

Advertisements should be sent to "Short Stories" Advertisement Department, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Digitized by Google

"GOLDEN SHRED" MARMALADE

A DELIGHTFUL APPETIZER

NO BREAKFAST OR TEA TABLE COMPLETE WITHOUT IT

Unrivalled piquant stimulant for the delicate.

PREPARED BY JAMES ROBERTSON Paisley.

FREE SAMPLE ON RECEIPT OF 2D FOR POSTAGE.

PURE WHOLESOME FOOD.

If you have not already tried a sample of NARCISSUS CAKE we would respectfully invite you to do so.

Twenty years ago this delicious cake could not have been bought under 1/4 or 1/6 per lb., and it can only be sold retail at our price incidental to the fact of our having every facility for manufacturing cake on the most approved principles, and in large quantities, and in conjunction with the fact that owing to our enormous business we are able to buy the very finest products of the world's markets at the lowest possible prices. **NARCISSUS CAKE**, sold by Grocers and Stores, 8d. per lb. in cuts, or in 2lb. and 6lb. cakes. Every 2lb. of Cake bears our registered signature and the name of the Cake.

DIPLOMÉ d'HONNEUR, BRUSSELS, 1897.

JOHN HILL & SON,

Tudno Cake Factory, Ashton-under-Lyne.

FLEMING'S HOUSEHOLD SPECIALITIES

THE MIKADO MOTH PAPER TRADE MARK

AMMONIATED CAMPHYLENE CREAM

A CERTAIN REMEDY

A LUXURY IN THE BATH

MIKADO MOTH PAPER, specially adapted for folded clothes, &c. 1/- per box.
ALABASTE NE TABLETS, for placing in wardrobes, chests, etc., 1/- per box.
CRYSTALLISED CAMPHYLENE, for scattering under carpets, among furniture, etc., 1/- per tin.

For the TOILET, BATH & NURSERY. Possesses great stimulating and invigorating properties. Refreshing, healthful, and agreeable in odour. Contains no injurious or deleterious substance. In the bath it is unrivalled. Will not injure the most sensitive skin. In pint bots., 1/3 ea.

If any difficulty in obtaining at Chemists, Grocers, Stores, etc., will be sent direct post free from Sole Manufacturers: Fleming's Oil & Chemical Co. Ld., 101 Leadenhall St., London, E.C.

NUCOLINE

A PURE VEGETABLE BUTTER.

FOR BAKED & BOILED PASTRY, FRYING, etc.

A PERFECT COOKING BUTTER.

NUTRITIVE, DIGESTIVE, ECONOMICAL. FIVE PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.

Stocked by all London Stores, etc.

A SAMPLE TIN SENT POST FREE FOR THREE STAMPS. Write

NUCOLINE LTD., SILVERTOWN, LONDON, E.

ZEBRA Grate Polish.

In Packets or as a Paste in Tins.

Digitized by Google